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THE SCENE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

1. House from which the Mine was exploded. 2. Out-House. 3. Cart Shed. 4. Position of the Mine Gallery.

THE LATE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

NEW STORY BY JAMES PAYN.

The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be gratified to find in this Number the beginning of a new Story by the well-known and popular Novelist* JAMES PAYN. *It is entitled* "A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT," *and is replete with dramatic interest.*

☞ *With this issue of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive No.* 10 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

The issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No.* 11, *containing illustrations and reading matter of the most varied and attractive character, will be sent out with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A QUESTION OF PARTY POLICY.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio says: "I would like to know if you are going to support the Republican nominee for President in your paper for next year; for if you are, we wish to subscribe for the *Weekly*. Please answer, and oblige yours truly." We answer with great willingness by saying that, in accordance with the advice of a great Republican, we shall not cross the river until we come to it. Under our political methods there are two stages in a canvass: the first is the discussion that precedes a nomination; the second, that which precedes the election. For the Presidential election of 1880 we are now only at the beginning of the first stage, and, as we have already said, the discussion ought to be full and frank and fair. Four years ago, if our correspondent remembers, we took part in the preliminary debate, looking only to what seemed to us to be the true interests of the country and of the Republican party. The policy of "hush" seemed to us then, as it does now, a very ludicrous policy for intelligent Republicans whose motive is the public welfare, and it is none the less ludicrous because the mere mention of the public welfare as a motive of political action stirs the contemptuous wrath of many politicians of high and low degree. It is useful to recall a few facts. The assertion was general and peremptory, at the time of which we speak, that Mr. CONKLING was the first and practically unanimous choice of the Republicans of New York for the Presidential nomination. This assertion, however, was made only by those who desired that nomination; and knowing that there was another equally positive opinion upon the subject, we stated it plainly, insisting throughout that whoever might be nominated would be, of course, personally unexceptionable. To have swelled the chorus declaring Mr. CONKLING to be virtually the unanimous choice of the Republicans of New York, which was untrue, would have been to abdicate a great duty of the press, and to betray the party by silencing an opinion which ought in fairness to be heard. The result showed decisively that whatever might be the personal regard for Mr. CONKLING, he was neither the unanimous choice of the party in the State nor in the country, for the New York delegation, whose preferences were divided, voted for him in the Convention with substantial unanimity only because they knew that he could not be nominated.

The party in this State and elsewhere is now in the same stage of the election. It is deliberating upon the expediency of nominating this or that person. No other question is in order. We have ourselves been quoted as opposing the election of General GRANT. But such opposition is as yet impossible, because he is not yet a candidate. We confine ourselves at present to the only question now in order, that, namely, of expedient nominations. And when the nomination shall be made, our friend in Ohio need have no fear that we shall not proceed with perfect plainness to the next stage of the discussion. The Republicans who are conspicuously mentioned for the nomination are General GRANT, Secretary SHERMAN, Senator BLAINE, and possibly Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois. The supporters of General GRANT are evidently disposed to carry their candidate with a whoop and halloo. But the expediency of a nomination depends upon the probabilities of election. A whoop might nominate, but it would not necessarily elect. Those who doubt the expediency of General GRANT'S nomination, and who would prefer some other candidate, the supporters of Secretary SHERMAN, for instance, or of Senator BLAINE, are certainly as sound and regular Republicans as the supporters of General GRANT, and their voices are entitled to as much consideration. And it is the attempt of the latter to forestall action and to prevent discussion by insisting that there can be no candidate but theirs which opens the whole debate. The question is one of expediency, and no vehement advocate of the nomination of General GRANT has yet answered the question why the arguments which are now urged for his nomination would not be equally applicable in 1884. By universal consent he is an upright and patriotic citizen who has greatly served the country. If he were President for the third time, and the tradition of two terms were once overthrown, why might it not be said in 1884 still more cogently that he had greatly served the country, and ought to be again elected? Would not such apparently logical and reasonable action, to which the Constitution offers no bar, necessarily familiarize the public mind with a perpetual Presidency? Would not the impatience and disgust already felt by many with the increasing turmoil and excitement attendant upon the quadrennial election generate a disposition, under the circumstances we suppose, to dispense with such an election? Again, would not the same circumstances necessarily foster confidence in personal government, and encourage the feeling that this or that man is necessary to the peaceful continuance and administration of the government? And can any idea be more preposterous and dangerous? Once more, when the two-term tradition is gone, and some President of uncertain uprightness and patriotism, in full command of the patronage, should come to the end of the second term, would not a powerful restraint upon his ambition and resolution have been removed?

Now if there are many Republicans who think such questions to be merely chimerical and foolish, and who hold that a good President would be better in his fourth and fifth terms than ever before, and that the talk about a third term is simply silly, there are also very many who hold very strongly to the opposite view, and many, especially of German birth, who suspect everything which seems to point to imperialism, who do not think them chimerical. Is it expedient to offer to such voters the only nomination which can raise these questions? There is a large and important class of Republicans, also, and of those whose votes are essential to Republican success, who attribute the rapid decline of Republican ascendency in the country, as shown in the election of 1876, to influences associated with the last Administration. They see that State after State was lost, that the Democrats gained the House, and that the result of the Presidential election was thrown into great doubt; while, on the other hand, they see that under an Administration which the most conspicuous supporters of General GRANT have slandered and ridiculed, State after State has been recovered, specie payments have been resumed, dangerous financial schemes have been foiled, the Southern question has been placed upon its true basis, the most positive advances have been made in proving the practicability of administrative reform, and that the party prospects, which under the late Administration were almost totally obscured, are now bright and promising. These things are seen most clearly by that comparatively small body of voters who will determine the election of 1880. Is it expedient to offer to them the only nomination which will arouse the keenest apprehensions of a return to the situation which they detested, and which had well-nigh ruined the party? It may be true that in view of the alternative of complete Democratic success many of them would support such a nomination. But many of them would not. The election will be decided apparently by the "Independent" and the "Independent Republican" vote in New York. Those two votes could be united upon some Republican candidate, but can they be united upon General GRANT? We do not say that the 20,000 Republicans in New York who declined to vote for Mr. CORNELL would decline to vote for General GRANT. But we have no doubt that a large number of them would decline, and the practical question is whether it is good policy to force them to the alternative. The demand for "a strong man" to hold the South in check is foolish, or worse. It comes from a spirit which distrusts constitutional government, and is in itself an insult both to the candidate and to the country. It is not urged, of course, that General GRANT as President could do what another Republican President could not do. It is not alleged that his personal character and ability are superior to those of other candidates for the nomination. It is not asserted that his great public services have not been greatly acknowledged, for they have had the same national recognition as those of WASHINGTON. On the other hand, nobody is so very foolish as personally to distrust him, or to question the expediency of his nomination upon any purely personal ground. Those Republicans who think the nomination impolitic, rest entirely upon public and party grounds, and they are Republicans who do not yield to any of their brethren in grateful remembrance and recognition of what General GRANT has done for the country. But they also remember that the country has done for him all that it did for WASHINGTON, and they reflect that in an election when the vote will certainly be very close, and when the result will depend largely upon a vote not favorable to his nomination, the candidature of General GRANT would involve the possibility of defeat, and that is a result which no friend of Republican ascendency wishes to contemplate.

A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN VIEW.

A SOUTHERN Republican, the only white man in his precinct who voted for HAYES and WHEELER, sends us a very interesting and instructive letter in reply to our assertion that if the intelligent whites in the Southern States do not now lead the colored vote, they have themselves to blame for it. He points out the kind of antagonism, not necessarily unfriendly, which often exists between employer and employed, each side overvaluing what he supplies, and which leads to a positive independence of action. In the Southern States the colored race as slaves lived in opposition or in abject subjection to their masters. The slaves were practically freed by the Northern soldiers, who remained and befriended them, rightfully or wrongfully, against their old masters, and became bound to the freedmen in a friendship which no business bargains or disputes disturbed. The government appointed officers to administer State and county affairs, and they effected the party organization, from which the defection of the colored man seemed to his fellows a crime against nature. The colored people were bound together in the militia, the school, the church, and the party, and the latter bond was riveted by the vague fear of a restoration of slavery. This various and all-embracing organization united the colored people against the old master class and the whole white population. The fear of re-enslavement is disappearing, but it was a great reason of the exodus; for when bull-dozing or fraud nullifies their votes, the colored people feel themselves to be helpless in the hands of their old enemy. The course of President HAYES was misrepresented to them as a total withdrawal of protection, and a panic seized them, which quickened the emigration.

Mr. LAMAR has said more than once that except for the carpet-baggers no ill feeling would have existed between the races after the war. But Mr. LAMAR forgets the black codes, which were the very first action of the whites at the close of hostilities. Our correspondent says that in 1868, at the end of the JOHNSON era, the plantation hands were full of suspicion and defiance, while the planting class regarded the laborers as their property of which they had been robbed. This was the key to the situation. Without protection the colored people would have had no political rights whatever. It is, in our correspondent's view, nobody's fault that they found other leaders than their old masters. It was perfectly natural. Industrially, like all other laborers, they are now treated both well and ill by their employers and suppliers. But injustice is not universal, nor due to their color. The Irishmen who build the levees are much worse treated and more heavily charged by contractors than the colored plantation laborers. Three-fourths of the traders are Hebrews, and the dishonest among them cheat white and black with absolute impartiality. When a planter supplies his own hands, they are generally fairly treated, because hands are scarce and land plenty. A large class of laborers are constantly becoming closer traders and more thrifty spenders, and on the whole our correspondent—a singularly fair-minded man, and himself a Republican planter—says that the colored laborers of his section, in Arkansas, are the best paid unskilled laborers in the world. The last year, indeed, has been an exceptionably good one; but he knows many colored families which, after paying rather extravagant bills, and even in some cases old debts, will have a balance of some hundreds of dollars. Few will clear less than $100, while the most economical of the colored people would be considered extravagant by Germans of the same class.

The Southern whites are mainly Democrats, and anxious to see their party in power. But they are much more interested in local than in national politics. This arises from the fact that their most material interests depend upon the result of the local elections. The power of taxation has been used to the great injury of property-holders; and in some counties the carpet-baggers have argued that the imposition of high taxes would bring estates to the hammer, and the colored people could ultimately become owners of all the land. The colored people had no interest in low taxes, and their leaders wished to handle high ones. In Arkansas the Constitution limits taxation, and in general the colored people exercise their full political rights. In our correspondent's own county the officers are both white and colored, Republican and Democratic, the magistrates mainly colored. In Mississippi, where there is no restraint upon taxation, the vote, if honestly cast, would be undoubtedly Republican. But four or five years ago the taxation was about five per cent. on a high valuation, which brought much property into market. Violence is generally the result, as our correspondent thinks, of some spoliation of this kind, and is intended to baffle it. His opinion, like that of most sensible men, is that the only way to manage the matter is to leave it to work itself out. There is a steady, if slow, improvement, and there is no doubt that the colored people have been better treated since the withdrawal of the troops than before. Our correspondent's glimpse of the late election in Washington County, in Mississippi, is interesting and suggestive when it is added that the Vicksburg *Herald*, the paper of largest circulation in the State, is in favor of cutting loose from the Bourbon Democrats:

> "In one sense there was no election at all. There were no regular Republican candidates, and no regular Democratic candidate. They had what they called the People's ticket, a fusion of parties, managed by prominent Democrats and some of the Republicans. The Democrats got the most important offices, but many negroes were elected to other positions. The Representatives were a white Democrat and a negro Republican, the prosecuting attorney an old carpet-bagger, and there were conciliation, whiskey, and apparent good feeling on every side. This could not be called a natural state of affairs. Neither party, if unrestrained, would have allowed the other anything; but the fusion was arranged by men who did not care much for party, and was perhaps as well as was practicable. The best men here are not much interested in politics except when they have a direct bearing on business."

THE SITUATION IN MAINE.

IF, as now appears probable, Governor GARCELON and his Council have attempted a revolution under the forms of law, under the forms of law they must be met and punished. The form of the law is a part of the law. If the law requires that the correct spelling of the whole name of a candidate, or all of his proper initials, shall appear upon the ballot, then John Smith is not technically a legal ballot for John Smyth, although there be no other man named Smith or Smyth in the State. The moral intention is plain enough, and the absurdity of rejecting the ballot for such a reason is evident. But it is none the less legal absurdity, and it must be encountered legally, not illegally. It is only when legal remedies are exhausted that the right of force becomes a valid question of expediency. It is a plea for anarchy to assert that when the letter of the law has been strictly observed, obedience may be refused upon the ground that the spirit of the law has been violated. If that plea be admitted, and everybody is to judge for himself of what is called the spirit of the law or its purpose, civil order is at an end. Mr. LOT M. MORRILL, in his first letter to the Governor, treated the question properly: "It is in the power of your Excellency to restore peace, order, quiet, and good feeling to the State and its inhabitants, by asking the opinion of the judges on each law point involved in the variation of the count from the face of the official returns."

Of course the opinion so obtained would not necessarily control the action of the Canvassing Board. Its use of a constitutional discretion, if such discretion exists, can not be restrained by the courts. The ultimate remedy lies in the annual appeal to the people. It is only when it is evident that the result of such an appeal will not be respected by the authorities that the question will arise whether the people shall acquiesce in the overthrow of popular government under technical legal forms. The Legislature of Maine will meet at the time this paper is issued, and if the situation has not materially changed, while its action can not be precisely foreseen, there is no doubt that the Republican members will avail themselves of every technically legal and parliamentary method to baffle the consummation of the designs of the Governor and his associates. This is the legitimate manner of baffling the plot, and tranquil persistence in this course would frustrate the Governor's attempt by legal technicalities to defeat the will of the State. No defense has been undertaken for him upon the merits of the case, and none can be. The whole performance is a piece of sharp practice, and it is in itself gross treachery to the popular principle. When the will of the people, as expressed at the polls, is incontestable and unquestioned, no honorable officer would

seek to set it aside upon legal technicalities; and if such technicalities appeared, he would take every means to satisfy and remove them.

But this incident in Maine illustrates the most serious danger which now threatens the country—the danger of a false counting of the votes. It is simple *Tweedism*. TWEED'S plan was to count in and count out, so that the elections were determined, not by the votes of the people, but by the counting and cheating of the Returning Board. The GARCELON plan is not to cheat, in the ordinary sense, but to make use of every technical detail to change the result. In both cases the plan is to nullify the clear intention of the voters. It is, of course, possible that the letter of the law and judicial construction may unconsciously favor knavish designs to frustrate the popular decision. There can, indeed, be no form of law which will provide against every device of cunning, but new forms can be met as they appear. The law should direct plainly that the evident intention of the voter in casting his vote should be respected, and that no technical disregard of law clearly unintentional, such as giving four days' notice instead of five, should fatally invalidate the return. The discretion of a canvassing board should be rigidly limited and defined, for the Legislature is the final judge of the election. If by some absurd error the initial B. had been omitted upon the Republican ballots for Governor in this State, and the Board of Canvassers had thrown out the entire vote for ALONZO CORNELL as fatally defective, it would have done what Governor GARCELON has done in Maine. If it had done this under an express ruling of the court, as Governor GARCELON claims to have acted, the remedy would have lain in the reversal by the court of its own rule. The remedy certainly would not have been an armed march upon Albany, and an inauguration of Mr. CORNELL at the point of the bayonet. That would have been no wiser than a similar inauguration of Mr. TILDEN upon the ground that the Louisiana Returning Board had cheated. This is a government of laws, not of mobs. If Governor GARCELON has violated the law, the law will punish him. If he has not violated the law, force is not the remedy. If, as is probable, under the technical forms of law he has defrauded the people of the State of their will, every technical or other form of law may justly be invoked to defeat the success of the conspiracy.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE POWER OF CONGRESS.

THERE are excellent lawyers who doubt whether a decision of the Supreme Court in the legal-tender case which has been made up for the purpose would really dispose of the important point in dispute. The point sought to be established is that legal-tender notes can be constitutionally issued only in time of war. But this, as a correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* points out, is not a legal but a political question, with which the court has no concern. The courts have always held, as this correspondent shows, that while they can pass upon the constitutionality of powers exercised by the Legislature, they can not decide upon the existence of the necessity for exercising the power. That is a question for the Legislature. If the legal power exists, the Legislature must decide for itself whether the occasion for its exercise has arisen. This doctrine was declared by Chief Justice MARSHALL, and Mr. Justice STORY says, expressly: "The national government, like every other, must judge in the first instance of the proper exercise of its powers, and its constituents in the last. If the means are within the reach of the power, no other department can inquire into the policy or convenience of the use of them." These opinions were confirmed by the justices at the time of the legal-tender decision. Mr. Justice STRONG said: "The degree of the necessity of any Congressional enactment, or the relative degree of its appropriateness, is for consideration of Congress, not here." Mr. Justice BRADLEY, in his opinion, discussed the necessity of legal-tender notes in carrying on a great war; but he said: "I do not say that it is a war power, or that it is only to be called into exercise in time of war...... But of the occasions when and of the times how long it shall be exercised and in force, it is for the legislative department of the government to judge." And Mr. Justice FIELD, who dissented, said: "If the power to ingraft the quality of legal tender upon notes existed at all with Congress, the occasion, the extent, and the purpose of its exercise were mere matters of legislative discretion."

The substance of the legal-tender decisions was that under the power to borrow money Congress may authorize the emission of notes or bills of credit; and having the exclusive control of the money of the country, Congress may, as an incident to these notes, give them the quality of legal tender. Money is necessary for carrying on war, and without the power to issue notes it may be doubted whether the war for suppressing the rebellion could have been carried on. But it will not be urged that the power to borrow money is a war power; and to ask the Supreme Court to declare that Congress, having power to emit bills of credit, can not make them legal tender in time of peace, is, as the *Advertiser* correspondent says, as extraordinary as to ask it to say that there can not be a necessity for government to borrow more than a fixed sum in time of peace. This is a purely political question. Congress must be the judge of the times and methods of exercising its undisputed constitutional powers. It has, or it has not, authority to make government notes legal tender. If it has, it results necessarily that it has the power to do so whenever the majority thinks it expedient.

The point is strongly raised and cogently pressed by this correspondent; and we shall await with interest any decision which should hold that the Supreme Court may limit the discretion of Congress in the exercise of a clear constitutional power. If the court should deny the right to exercise a power in time of peace, or declare that a power did not exist except in time of war, would it also deny to Congress authority to decide when the state of war or peace exists? It is a mischievous error to invoke the Supreme Court to settle political questions, and Secretary SHERMAN is as sagacious as usual in desiring, with the President, that Congress should dispose of the subject by withdrawing the legal-tender quality from the notes.

HARPERS' LATIN DICTIONARY.

As a work of simple scholarship, in the strict sense of the word, *Harpers' Latin Dictionary*, just published, is unquestionably the greatest which this country has produced. SYDNEY SMITH'S question, Who reads an American book? is signally answered by the fact that the Clarendon press of Oxford University has printed and published this Dictionary, and that it is used by both the English universities, and that the best English scholars acknowledge it to be the best in the world. Every such work is in its nature a re-adjustment, an elaboration, an extension, a philosophical and philological re-arrangement, of existing material. It is four centuries, according to a thorough review of this Dictionary in the London *Athenæum*, evidently from the hand of a masterly critic, since the first attempt at a Latin lexicon was issued at Mayence, probably from the types of GUTENBERG, but perhaps of FAUST. The reviewer cites the list of lexicons as they appeared, down to that which is so familiar to the last generation of English students—that of AINSWORTH, which was published at the beginning of the century, and which was for so long a time the standard lexicon in this country.

In 1834 Dr. WILHELM FREUND published at Leipsic the first part of his Dictionary, upon which all the later lexicons have been based. In 1851 ANDREWS—familiar name!—issued his abridgement of Freund, and the *Harper* is the enlargement, completion, and culmination of all that have gone before. The *Athenæum* critic, who, we imagine, is as competent as any man in England or America to speak authoritatively upon the subject, says: "The improvements are such as to defy quotation, both from their length and their intrinsic character......We can confidently confirm the editors' statement that they have substantially rewritten the work......The etymological notes certainly far surpass in accuracy and fullness anything as yet attempted in any dictionary."

It is superfluous to approve while Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praising. THACKERAY says that to be mentioned by GIBBON is like having your name written on the dome of St. Peter's; and the critic in the *Athenæum* evidently knows so much more of the subject than the rest of us that we need only say what Mr. CRUGER said when Mr. BURKE sat down. The publication of such a work is a notable event in the history of American letters. It deserves commemoration among all lovers of sound learning and the national good name, and it sheds lustre upon several of our chief colleges, Mr. CHARLTON T. LEWIS, a graduate of Yale, being responsible for the larger portion of the work, in which Dr. SHORT, of Columbia, Dr. FISCHER, of New Brunswick, and Professor LANE, of Harvard, have had an honorable part, while Dr. FREUND himself has given most valuable assistance.

WORDSWORTH'S PLACE AMONG POETS.

ONE of the British Colonial Governors recently wrote that he never travelled without a volume of WORDSWORTH, and he declares that if upon a desert island he had his choice of but one English poet's works, he should select either SHAKESPEARE or WORDSWORTH, but he could never decide which to prefer. This is probably a singular instance, but it illustrates the kind and depth of feeling which WORDSWORTH inspires, and of which MATTHEW ARNOLD'S article last summer was a striking expression. It was, however, Mr. ARNOLD'S opinion that there is a great deal in the works of WORDSWORTH, as in those of MILTON, which the general reader will not care to see, and he has edited a selection of what seem to him to be the best of WORDSWORTH'S poems, which the HARPERS have made universally accessible in the "Franklin Square Library."

It is pleasant to find that Mr. ARNOLD'S paper on WORDSWORTH, and his deliberate judgment of his place among English poets, have attracted attention throughout the English-reading world. Far off in China we find a letter from "Philokalos," in Canton, to the editor of the Shanghai *Mercury*, criticising a criticism of WORDSWORTH and ARNOLD in the Shanghai *Herald*. Mr. ARNOLD'S opinion is that "the poetical performance of WORDSWORTH is, after that of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time....His name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above SPENSER, DRYDEN, POPE, GRAY, GOLDSMITH, COWPER, BURNS, COLERIDGE, CAMPBELL, MOORE, BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS." And the *Herald* asserts that a rude but good test of the hold of a poet upon the general mind and heart is that of familiar quotation.

"Philokalos" replies that while the greatest living English poet coincides in opinion with Mr. ARNOLD—a fact which is new to us—and while the greatest of living English critics pays him the homage of a deep thinker, Mr. PALGRAVE, in his *Golden Treasury* of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, gives more selections from WORDSWORTH than from any other poet, quoting forty-one illustrations from WORDSWORTH, and thirty-two from SHAKESPEARE. "Philokalos" adds a few of the familiar quotations which, like many of SHAKESPEARE'S, have become household words:

"The child is father of the man."

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower."

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

"A traveller between life and death."

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

"The light that never was on sea or land."

"Silent Nature's breathing life."

"A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed."

"She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

A WORD DROPPED.

IN an article upon the Indians in the last number of the *Weekly* we made the Secretary of the Interior say what our readers of course must have seen instantly that he could not have said. The Secretary, in speaking of the general policy toward the Indians, justly says that they are "to be treated not only with justice, but with patience." Our quotation of his words dropped the important word "only," and so gave a wholly incorrect and unjust impression of what he said.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

WHEN HENRY ARMITT BROWN died, a year and a half ago, we spoke of his singular promise and of the great value of such an example of the consecration to public uses of unusual gifts and accomplishments. Personally we knew him very little, and the details of his life were unknown to us, but he had already arrested the attention of all who watch the figures and influences that arise in the political world, and his actual achievements in the form of memorial orations fully justified the interest that he excited. The story of his life, uneventful but very engaging and promising, touched in the narrative with something of the tender interest that invests the memoir of the young ARTHUR HALLAM and JULIAN FANE, has just been told by Professor HOPPIN, of Yale. The memoir is published in a handsome volume by LIPPINCOTT, and contains the four historical orations of Mr. BROWN, the last of which he had prepared, but was unable to deliver, having been already attacked with his fatal illness.

Mr. BROWN was born in Philadelphia. He graduated at Yale in 1865, studied law for some time with Professor DWIGHT in the Columbia College Law School, in New York, married and settled in Philadelphia, where he died in the summer of 1878, at the age of thirty-four. He was at liberty to follow his tastes, and they led him to accomplish himself for public life, not in the official sense, although he would probably not have declined an official career. But he knew that an official career is very uncertain, and often dependent upon conditions which it is not easy for men of sensitive honor to supply. He was content, therefore, to master public questions, to study political history, and to give the powerful aid which is derived from ample knowledge to every wise measure of political progress.

Mr. BROWN evidently had a strong political instinct, and he must soon have been individually felt in the practical politics of his State. Professor HOPPIN speaks of his organizing power in this direction, and thinks him not likely to have been satisfied with exhortation and a remote or indirect influence. The line, however, is very deeply drawn between men of his kind and the "politicians," or men who live by politics as a trade, and whose politics, therefore, are simply intrigue and dicker. Our political system has developed a large and powerful class who control the political action of "the people" through party organization, and the necessary duty of men like Mr. BROWN is often and largely to curb and control this class. The successful performance of this duty is not compatible with the indulgence of positive or commanding political ambition, and Mr. BROWN would doubtless have accepted the position to which his temperament and his gifts assigned him. Like all men "early wise," the maturity of his powers while he was yet young seemed to forecast the end. Turning over the discourses in this volume, and lingering upon the graphic and glowing page, the reader is struck by the restraint of the rhetoric and the skillful handling of immense detail. The last oration, that for the centennial celebration at Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1878, is a battle-piece of admirable vigor, a monograph to which the historian will certainly turn with profit. Meanwhile, although the name of this young man will pass, with that of many a noble youth in the civil war, the study of his life will help to make other youth nobler.

PERSONAL.

ROBERT BROWNING'S personal appearance does not in the least convey the idea that he is a poet. He is stout, prosaic, good-looking in face and figure, and strikes you as being a country squire of moderate fortune. He is a sturdy believer in the doctrine of work, going every morning regularly to his study, where he writes till noon. He says he has no patience with writers who are obliged to "wait for inspiration."

—Mr. CORCORAN, the Washington banker, whose munificent benefactions are known throughout the country, has a Sèvres dessert service once owned by GEORGE WASHINGTON.

—Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of this city, has just offered to his native city, Dunfermline, Scotland, $25,000 for the establishment of a free public library. A few years ago, while revisiting his native place, from which he emigrated thirty years ago, he gave $25,000 for the establishment of a free swimming bath. A building of stone, one hundred feet long, was constructed, and supplied with all the appliances of swimming baths of the most approved style. The establishment is controlled by trustees, and is known as the "Carnegie Baths."

—WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel, which, by arrangement with the author, will appear in *Harper's Bazar*, is called "Sunrise: A Story of These Days." It is understood that the novel will deal in part with certain of the secret political associations of the present day.

—Dr. JOHN J. BROWN, of Boston, aged ninety-four, danced at a recent wedding party. Boston is perhaps the only place in America where they would permit so old a man to carry on in that way. Think of it—only six below par!

—An active man is General SHERMAN. He attended Mr. CHILDS'S reception to General GRANT on Tuesday evening, left Philadelphia on the 1 A.M. train, was the first man at his office on Wednesday morning, attended to business all day, attended a state dinner in the evening, went afterward to General HUNTER'S ball, and next night "received" with Mrs. AUDENRIED at the assembly and German of the Washington Club until a late hour.

—Mr. OLIVER AMES made himself happy, as well as the employés in the Boston office of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, by giving each of them as a Christmas present a one-thousand-dollar railroad bond.

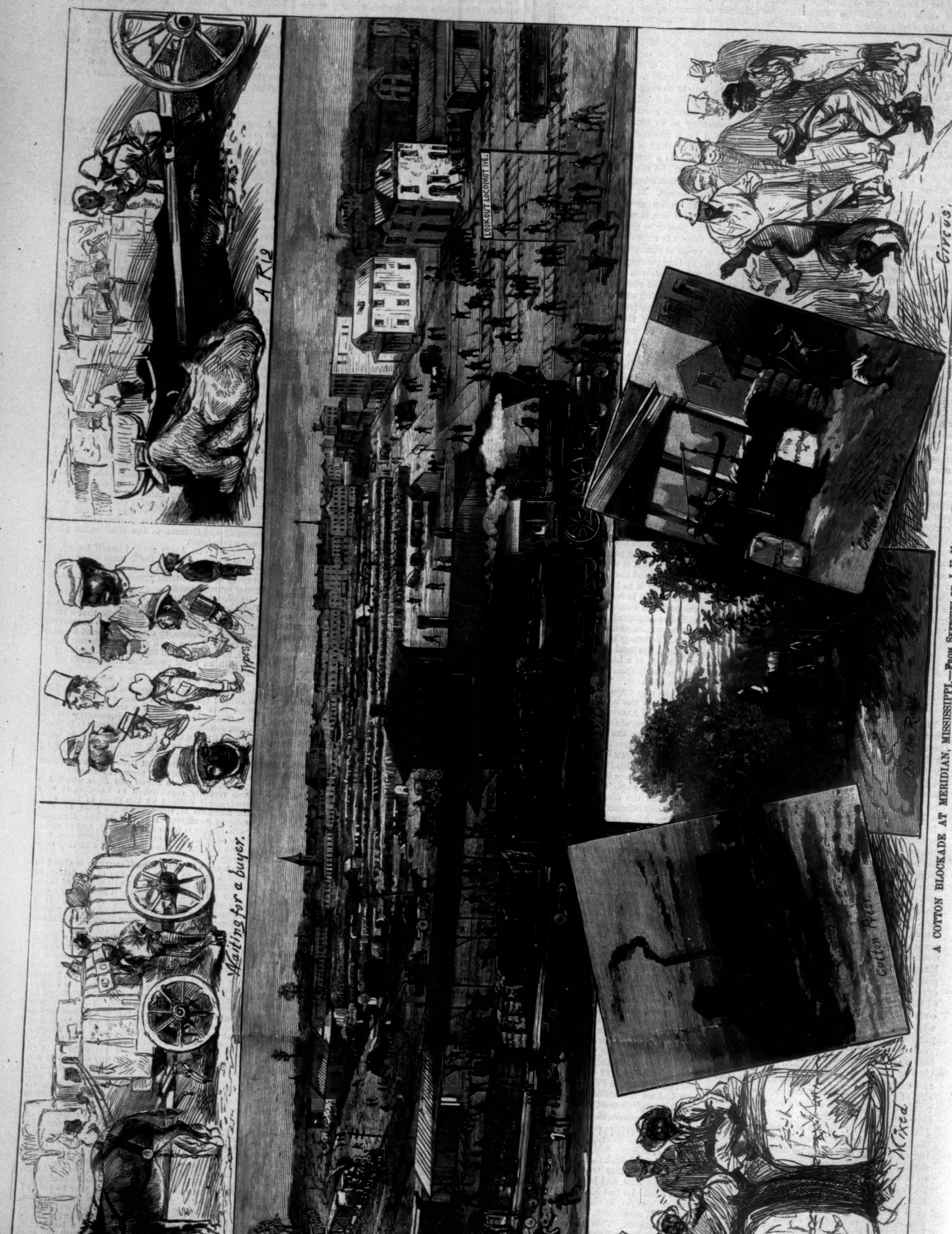
—Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX'S *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China* has proved so popular with the public that a third edition has already been called for, to be speedily followed, doubtless, by others. Colonel KNOX is now engaged on a work similar in character, on Siam, to be printed in the same admirable style, and with an equal profusion of excellent illustrations.

—During Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent tour in Scotland he was accompanied by Mr. SAMUEL WARD, of this city, and many a good talk they must have had about the Greek poets. Mr. WARD is as well known in this country for his Greek scholarship as Mr. GLADSTONE is in England. It was during Mr. WARD'S visit to Lord ROSEBERY—the two are great friends—that he made the acquaintance of Mr. GLADSTONE, and it was quite natural that their scholastic tastes should have begotten a pleasant intimacy.

—Mr. STEDMAN'S *Lyrics and Idyls*, which has been recently republished in London, is very handsomely noticed by the press of that city. Mr. EDMUND W. GOSS, himself a poet, has this pleasant paragraph about it in the *Academy*: "His poetry is fresh and buoyant, full of memories of great deeds and joyous experiences, and seems to contain the elements of a lasting popularity."

—A son of ALEXANDER HAMILTON is about to erect a granite portrait statue of his father, to be eight feet in height. It will represent HAMILTON standing with one hand resting on a column, and at his feet a number of books. It is to stand on a heavy pedestal, and will be placed in Trinity Church yard, New York, where HAMILTON is buried.

—The Rev. Dr. IRENÆUS PRIME, in a genial notice of his life-long friend the late ALEXANDER STUART, says that, being eminently successful in business, and never having married, he devoted a large part of his income to religious, philanthropic, and literary causes. It was his delight to gather about his table men distinguished in letters or in the army or navy. Their company he greatly enjoyed, and his own overflowing humor and keen wit made him an entertaining host and a delightful companion. His benevolence was not confined to any single direction, but a larger proportion of his gifts went to Presbyterian objects than to any other. It was not unusual for him to extinguish the debts of churches, paying sometimes thousands of dollars to set a single congregation free from its burdens, and sometimes purchasing an edifice outright for a feeble church. Only a few months ago he purchased the magnificent residence of the POTTER family at Princeton, New Jersey, including its parks, furnished it anew completely, and gave the entire estate to the college of which Dr. McCOSH is president, and by whom the building will be occupied as a private residence. All the boards of the Presbyterian Church, the American Bible Society, and various philanthropic institutions received largely from year to year of his bounty. At the outbreak of the war, when the government called upon its citizens for financial aid, the firm of R. L. & A. STUART was one of the very first to respond with a large sum, and it held for a long time, and until the government called it in for redemption, No. 1 of the government's issue of bonds. At the sale of pews when Dr. HALL'S church was first opened, although a bachelor, Mr. ALEXANDER STUART paid $6000 for the first choice. What disposition has been made of his property is not known, but it is quite probable that his brother will be his executor and the distributer of his gifts, and will continue his contributions to the good of the Church, the country, and the world.



A COTTON BLOCKADE AT MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI.—From Sketches by J. H. Moser.—[See Page 43.]

THE BRIDGE OVER THE FIRTH OF TAY, SCOTLAND—SCENE OF THE GREAT DISASTER OF DECEMBER 28, 1879.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

OTHELLO THE SECOND.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Grandmother's Money," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONSTER JEALOUSY.

All the happiness that Conrad Gordon and his wife had experienced was to be comprised in the first fleeting year of their marriage; after that there came, with a terrible quickness, doubts, jealousies, accusations—the long and ghastly army of the disaffected, marching onward to misery, with muffled drums, and colors trailing in the dust. These two were not the first couple who had started bravely in life and love and then created their own troubles. In their own circle they might have read the moral here and there, but wedded folk make their own moral, not pause to read it, or the world belies them very much.

It would have been a commonplace story to me had I not been deeply interested in it—had it not been my brother's fault to some extent, despite his indignant assertion to the contrary. If he would go away, I said to him—if he would once more leave Westerton, if only for a little while! Then followed his arguments, difficult to combat, although guessing at their fallacy. What had he done that he should be banished from his native place? Had he known so much of home happiness that he should willfully desert it, and give up the new friends by whom he was surrounded, because it pleased Conrad Gordon to be jealous of him? Conrad would be jealous of somebody else if he went away to-morrow, and he, Fred Bevis, would not sacrifice his life for another man's whim and an old maid's exaggerated fears. I was not thirty years of age, but it had come to taunting me with my maiden estate—with my old resolve not to be sought in marriage again. Fred had loved me once—now he satirized me, and thought I was taking Gordon's part against his own. As if I had any part to take in this sad business!

Certainly my sympathies were for Mary. She was young, weak, and unwise, but I could picture myself in her place, suffering like her, although fighting my battle differently, and after my stronger nature. I had missed this calamity by my own high spirit, and I was grateful for it now. All *had* happened for the best.

There is no intention in this record to give the whole history of these married folk—how it ended is before me, and more to the purport of my story. That Gordon and his wife became by degrees an unhappy couple, despite all their respect and love for each other, it is sufficient to state here: there is not a great deal to marvel at in the position. Not all Conrad's affection for his wife could keep down his suspicions now that the evil seed had been sown, and the crop was peeping aboveground. He was a man, I knew too well, who was inclined to make the most of his doubts, to torture himself with a hundred suppositions when the plain, honest truth would have sufficed, but I had given him credit for growing wiser with his years, and for having learned something even from his experience of past mistakes.

And Gordon's wife, with whom I reasoned at every opportunity, and failed to convince? Here was my own high spirit working very differently, and to no purpose—resisting, insisting, and holding its ground, rebelling against dictation, and strong with its own sense of right, following its own course, in vain. She was his wife, and therein lay the mighty difference between herself and me. It was her duty to obey now, not to resist; but that she had forgotten, and my "preaching"—Heaven forgive me if I preached to much—only hardened her heart against me. She was not always in the right, poor Mary: she taunted me more than once with my past engagement to her husband; I was always his friend, not hers; I loved him still; I worked against her; she would never see me again. I had one answer in my arguments with her—it would be better for Fred to go away. It was in her power to persuade him, perhaps. A few words from her might have effect in the quarter where I had failed so utterly, if she would only attempt them, for all sakes.

What could she do? she answered. Why should she lower herself by professing to believe that my brother still loved her? Would not people talk of her as the woman who had been wholly in the wrong, and from whose clutches it had been necessary to save Fred Bevis? How was it possible to prove the calumny false—to live down the whole scandal with which the town was full—if Fred went away in haste? Would not everybody say—would not Conrad Gordon say—"There was something in it; there was more than something in it—it was all true?"

"Ask him to go," I said again to all this reasoning; "he will go for your sake."

"I will not lower myself to ask him."

"May I tell him you will be glad when he goes?"

"No. I shall not be glad," was the warm reply. "He is the only man who defends me, who takes my part and silences accusers; he is the one true friend left," she cried.

"Mary, has it come to loving him?"

"No," she cried, starting up from the chair in which she had been sitting; "I love no one but Conrad, and his cruelty is killing me. Oh! he will not believe a single word I say."

"Ask Fred Bevis to go away," I said again.

"You talk like a parrot," she exclaimed, "and I will not listen to you any longer."

She would dash away to her home after one of these altercations, and several days would pass before we met again, and spoke and wrangled again after the same fashion.

Twelve months afterward—a long twelve months—Conrad Gordon adopted his own plans without much thought of Mary; he had his own solution to the riddle, and it was not an unwise expedient. One morning late in December—the 23d, his own wedding day—when all happiness had completely vanished, he surprised me by a visit. Of late days we had not met, and he apologized for the intrusion as a stranger might have done. My brother came in whilst he was there, and would have withdrawn, but Mr. Gordon went toward him, and shook hands, to my surprise and Fred's.

"I have called to take leave of you, as well as your sister," he said. "Pray do not run away from me."

Fred had a bad habit of showing his dislikes, and his antipathy to Mary's husband was not to be disguised. He shook hands coldly, however, and looked at the speaker as at a man of whom it was necessary to be wary.

"I am going away for a long time," Conrad said, turning to me as he spoke, "and I could not leave an old friend without a word of adieu."

"Going away," I said, slowly, "and with Mary, of course?"

"Of course with Mary," he repeated; "she and I have been talking over this expedition for a long while, and at last she has summoned the courage to accompany me."

"I am glad. Where are you going?"

"To the East, principally," he said.

"You will be a long time absent from Westerton?"

"Two years, probably," he answered.

"It will be a great change for Mrs. Gordon," said my brother, at this juncture. "She has hardly been out of this dull little town all her life."

"Yes, a great change," remarked Conrad. "She looks forward to it with considerable pleasure, I am glad to say. You will call, Mr. Bevis, with your sister, and bid her good-by?" he added, to my intense astonishment.

"Thank you," answered Fred, as surprised as myself, "Beckie and I will come—I think."

"We shall leave on Saturday. It is possible I am saying farewell to both of you now, as I start for London this afternoon, and shall not return till late on Friday evening. If that is so," he said, suddenly extending both hands toward me, "Good-by—and Heaven reward you," he added, in a lower tone.

I did not understand him, and I felt that I could not ask before my brother for an explanation. I followed him into the hall, and said, with affected lightness, "For what is Heaven to reward me, Mr. Gordon?"

"You can guess," he said, hurriedly. "It is all your good example, your kind advice to Mary, which has had its effect at last."

"You two are at peace, then?"

"Yes. There has been one more quarrel," he said, despondently. "I acted like a madman. It was after Edward's party, last week, where we met your brother. But it is all over, and we are friends, lovers, again. We shall quarrel no more; we have come to a full, honest explanation of everything. It was your advice to Mary—always—and we are going abroad now on our second honey-moon. Congratulate me, and ask your brother to forgive my jealous nonsense. I have wholly changed."

"I hope so. Mary is young, and you are not always just."

"I have been terribly unjust, I know," he murmured, as he left me.

I returned to my room to tell Fred all that had been said, and to deliver Conrad's parting message to him. I had faith in its effect, for Fred was not a man to lose all trust in, weak as he might be. He sat and heard me with his white hands tightly locked together, and a deep furrow in his forehead. I could see his lips quivering as I watched him.

"Did he really ask me to forgive him?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes."

"I suppose I have driven them both away," he added, sadly, "and it would have been much easier for me to go, as you suggested long since. But I—could not."

"Perhaps all is for the best," I said.

"It is for the worst with me," he answered. "It always is."

"Nonsense. This should be no affliction to you," I said. "When shall we bid Mary Gordon good-by?"

"I shall not go," he replied, very firmly.

"Not go?"

"I have seen her for the last time," he said. "If I am so dangerous a person," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "it may be as well not to aggravate matters by calling at The Limes. He will be glad to hear I have not been, when he comes home on Friday night."

"That's bravely said of you, Fred," I exclaimed. "I think it is wise—I am sure it is—although he does not believe in your love for Mary now."

"If he had told me that, I should have said he was mistaken," said Fred, "for I do love her. I always have loved her. She kills me by going away, I swear. Oh, Mary! God help me after this!"

"Fred! Fred!"

He did not hear my last words of entreaty to him to be calm; he gave way utterly; he buried his face within his hands and sobbed passionately, and I stole from the room and left him to his childish grief.

CHAPTER V.

THE PARTING.

Fred Bevis kept his word, and did not accompany me in my farewell visit to Mary Gordon. For once in a way, he said, he had made up his mind, and there was no power on earth to alter it. Conrad's forgiveness, his sudden exhibition of confidence, had disarmed my brother, and Fred had awakened to the conviction that he had not played a worthy part. He confessed as much as this to me, and he desired his best wishes for Mary's happiness to be humbly conveyed to her.

Sitting at the window of her drawing-room, in the twilight, with the snow-flakes flickering past, I gave Mary my brother's message, and she smiled faintly at it, and said, "Do you know what to-day is?"

"Your wedding day. Two years to-day!"

"Conrad will be back to-night—it seems strange that he should be away; but he has a great deal of business to transact in town before we leave to-morrow."

"And you are not sorry to leave?"

"I am very glad, Beckie," she confessed. "It is the beginning of a new life; it is what we both should have done long ago, had we had the courage to speak out. What a long, dreadful, weary year it has been!"

"Happily over now—the worst and darkest year of all your life."

"I trust so," she said, with a sigh; then she caught me suddenly by the wrist and said, "But, do you think I *can* trust him?"

"You mean—"

"Conrad, not the other," she answered. "Will it not all come back in time? Will he not have those dreadful thoughts of me again? Shall I escape them by going abroad with him?"

"Yes, yes, I think so," I hastened to assure her.

"I would go to the world's end to have his love and faith back. There shall be no pride to keep us at arm's-length, at heart's-length, any more. We will both speak out all that rankles in our minds. You believe that is best?"

"Assuredly."

"Still," she added, sorrowfully, "I may not be able to convince him; he is not always willing to be convinced."

"That is like a husband," I said, laughingly; "but you must be a loving wife, always resolved to succeed."

She did not laugh back at me; it was a pale, mournful face, which perplexed me.

"I wonder what kind of a husband he would have been to you if you and he had made up your quarrel before I came from boarding-school?" she said.

I laughed again, though her words made me wince a little. I was too old and prim for him, I said. And I should have been very obstinate and aggravating.

"And then," she added, more thoughtfully still, "I should have married your brother Fred, and have made him unhappy instead of Conrad. Not that Fred is happy now, poor fellow."

"Don't think so," I said. "He is happy enough. He quickly forgets everything, and no impression is lasting with him."

"I am not quite sure of that; and oh! Becky," she cried, "I know now how much he loves me."

"You do!"

"I have been so sorry, so terribly grieved," she whispered, hiding her head upon my bosom, "for it seems sometimes as if I had encouraged him. And I never wanted his affection; I have not had one spark of love for him since my marriage, but he thinks I have; and to vex my jealous husband I have laughed and talked with him too much. And it has come to his loving me, and this is my life-long punishment."

She looked hard into my face, and rested her hands upon my shoulders.

"When Conrad and I have left Westerton, tell Fred kindly this for me, and in my defense, please," she said, "lest he should think always—as he thinks now—that I was as weak as himself, and had learned to love him. Will you promise that?"

"Yes—I promise."

"And—oh! there is one thing more," she said, with her large dark eyes still fixed on me unwaveringly. "If it should ever come to pass that I am away from Conrad—a long, long distance away—and he is living with his heart closed against me as it has been all this bitter year, will you tell him what I have said, and what message I bade you give poor Fred—for my honor's sake and his? Pray do this?"

"With Conrad Gordon! Heaven forbid that this should be my task!" I replied.

"Ah, yes—Heaven forbid it; but its ways are inscrutable, and this is only the evening of my second marriage year, remember."

"And the beginning of the third, and best, and truest, Mary," I said. "Why, I can wish you a merry Christmas this time, and be sure it will come."

"Yes, this one—but afterward."

"No; not afterward. Good-by—God bless you!"

"Good-by—and God bless *you*, dear!"

She stood at the door to see the last of me—I see her face now, fair and young and bright, but with the sadness on it always.

"You will not forget," she said—and in all my life to follow I never did. Neither her words, nor that pale beautiful face, nor the wistful look in the large brown eyes.

"*You will not forget!*" rang forever like a warning in my ears—like the chiming of a bell, the ringing of a death-note.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRISIS.

There was a grim surprise awaiting me at home, in the dark shadows of the night which had fallen there before my return. My faithful maid-servant Phœbe was ready to apprise me of it as she opened the door to me.

"If you please, Miss Bevis, there is a letter for you on the drawing-room table."

"Well, Phœbe, what of that?" I said. "It is past the post hour, I suppose."

"It isn't that, miss; it hasn't come by post, but Mr. Frederick wrote it before he went away."

"Before he—"

And then I paused, with all my breath spent at the new fear which came quickly to me. I recovered myself, and went into my little drawing-room, Phœbe following me, full of curiosity and loquacity.

"Yes, Miss Bevis, he has gone all in a flash like. The railway porter came and fetched his boxes, and then he wrote that letter, and cried that hard over it that my 'eart was wrung to see him. And then off he went groaning like a pig, and I am very glad you are back, miss."

I took the letter and opened it. I knew its purport. I could have guessed almost at the lines, and I read it as though for the twentieth time, rather than the first.

"Yes, Phœbe, he has gone," I said, folding my epistle.

"Yes, miss, but doesn't he say what for?" asked the inquisitive Phœbe.

"For a change," I answered, "that is all."

And that was the truth. He had gone away for a change, he said; he could not exist any longer in Westerton now that she was leaving home. In the excitement and novelty of travel he might learn to forget her; he would try with all his soul and strength.

I would have preferred his remaining with me, now that the Gordons were going, but it was not to be. He had made up his mind very quickly, and departed. Conrad's determination had altered for good or for evil the lives that have been faintly sketched in this chronicle.

I was unhappy all that night—the change had come so suddenly upon me. I felt I was left completely alone from that time forth. The house was very desolate, and the wind moaned without like a creature sick with pain. I sat cowering over the fire, thinking of the day's incidents, my brother's unmanlike sorrow, Conrad's good intentions, and the grave, fair face of my darling, whom I loved so well, and might never see again.

Late into the night I thought of her—sitting there, grief-stricken, and wondering how the story would end, and if the happy sequel were to follow, after the rule governing pleasant story-books. My maid had gone to her room and left me brooding by the fire. I had omitted to trim my lamp, and it was burning very dimly. There were shadows in the corners, and by the great front window where the curtains were draping out the darkness.

Was it snowing? I thought presently. Was it just such a night as this a twelvemonth since, when there had been high revelry at Conrad Gordon's house? Ah! where was poor Fred now? I went to the window and drew back the heavy curtain. I looked out: all was very gray and misty. The snow had ceased falling, but it lay like a white and spotless shroud before me, save that the impression of some footsteps across the lawn to my window was stamped deeply therein. Footsteps!—who had approached my house, cautiously stolen to my window, stood and listened, perhaps? Who in Westerton had now any interest in me?

"Some wanderer attracted by the light," I thought at last; then I drew the curtains to again, and went to my old place at the fireside. I could not rest. I could not go to my room. I felt strangely tempted to linger there throughout the night. I was like one sitting up for a late comer. Yes, there was a mystery abroad, and with it beings as restless as myself, for with no warning to my highly strung nerves, a hand was rattled against the window-glass, and a sharp voice called out my name. That voice! I rose and tottered to the window, pausing instinctively before I drew back the curtain.

"Who is there?" I cried.

"Let me in, please—it is I, Conrad Gordon," said the hollow voice without.

I drew back the curtain and opened the window before I had time for a moment's thought of the position, of what a new story a wakeful neighbor might make of this to-morrow. Conrad came in with a faltering, feeble step, like a man who had been drinking. I went backward toward the centre of the room, he following me slowly.

"She is not here, then?" he inquired.

"She!—Mary!" I exclaimed.

"I saw the light in your window, and it was the last hope that I had. Yet I knew it was in vain," he murmured; "all in vain. From this hour forth, God help her!"

"Mary—is not—at your house?" I said again, in a higher key; "she is *not* at home, do you say? Oh! am I dreaming, or have you told me this indeed?"

"Mary is not at home," he answered, gloomily; "she has fled with your brother."

"No—no; I will not believe it," I screamed. "If you swore it to me, I would not believe it."

"I have tried to think it a delusion," he went on, with the same unnatural calmness; "I have prayed it might be, and I a madman come back to his home. I have hurried here to make sure that it is real. Tell me I am mad, Rebecca, and I will bless you to my dying day."

"You *are* mad to think any wrong of her," I cried; "appearances may be against her, but she may be at a friend's house—"

He held up his hand to stop me, and I paused as at a given signal.

"Your brother was at my house to-night," he said, "two hours before I returned. He called to see her. The servants state they stole out together from the drawing-room window. It was a plot that had been arranged between them long ago."

"Oh, great Heaven! do not tell me this, or I shall not believe in man or woman more."

"It was a damnable hypocrisy to deceive me," he cried, exhibiting some warmth of temper at last; "to lead me to believe she had been always good and true, and was prepared to go with me to the limits of the earth; and then to love that wretch—that villain—all the time!"

"It is not true," I gasped.

"Where is your brother? Can you say he is in the house—that he is not gone away?"

"He left this afternoon," I stammered, "but that is a coincidence—a—"

"He did not leave Westerton so early. He was at The Limes a few hours since, and long after you had quitted it. Rebecca Bevis, I shall kill him when we meet," he whispered, with a bitter intensity, in my ears.

"Leave me, please: let me think of this. I am disturbed now. Pray go. What good can I do?"

"Tell me where he said he was going."

"I do not know."

"Did he leave no letter?"

"No!"

It was a falsehood, but I could not show him Fred's letter, for it spoke of a love that should not have existed, and of a passion which had not died out, but was despairing and distraught. I would spare his misery all that I could.

"*You* would not deceive me," he said, with a strange humility in his mournfulness. "I can believe in one woman's word yet."

He walked toward the window, which was still open, paused, and looked back.

"Come and see me, come and help me by kind words, if I should be alive to-morrow," he said.

"You will do nothing rash," I cried. "You will be patient and wait. Do not think the worst—the very worst of her."

"I will be patient and wait," he muttered. He passed out into the snow, and I watched him toil upon his way until he was lost in the darkness beyond my garden hedge. Then once more the curtains were drawn by my trembling hands, and I tottered back to my place, a woman very weak now. I remember that I knelt and prayed there too—prayed away even the great dark doubt, and rose with the confidence that it was not my poor darling's guilt which was the clew to this dark mystery. There was another solution to come, and all might yet be well. What had happened Mary Gordon had forseen; this step had doubtless been resolved upon, but there was no sin in her thoughts when she had spoken to me with her hands upon my shoulders.

"If it should ever come to pass that I am away from Conrad—a long, long distance away—and he is living with his heart closed against me, as it has been all this bitter year, will you tell him what I have said, and what message I bade you give poor Fred, for my honor's sake and his?"

They were almost her last words, and I had well remembered them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BATH ABBEY CHURCH.

THE first ecclesiastical establishment at Bath, England, dates back to a very early period. The records show that a community of Religious existed from the earliest ages of Christianity in Britain, which had its house near to the springs and baths. The constitution of this society underwent several changes, and at last the house and all its possessions, which were extensive and valuable, were surrendered to the crown in 1539 by WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, the last prior. What is now called the Abbey Church was the church of this community, and was connected on the south side with the conventual buildings. An older church having fallen into decay, the building of the present edifice was begun by Bishop OLIVER KING, in obedience to a vision, in the reign of HENRY VII. At the time of his death it was unfinished, and still continued to be so, when the priory was dissolved. After having remained in a dilapidated state for many years, its repair was undertaken by CHAPMAN in 1572, continued by the munificence of THOMAS BELLOT, steward of the household of Queen ELIZABETH, and was completed by Bishop MONTAGUE about the year 1609, care being taken to preserve the uniform character of the building.

The Abbey Church of Bath is cruciform, and of that style of architecture commonly denominated the "Florid Gothic," though in reality there seems little reason for so classifying it. The principal dimensions are as follows: length from east to west, 210 feet; length of the cross aisles from north to south, 126 feet; breadth of the body and aisles, 72 feet; height of the tower, 152 feet; height of the roof or vaulting, 78 feet. The grand entrance in the centre of the west front is filled with a richly ornamented door, given in 1617 by Sir HENRY MONTAGUE, brother to the bishop. It is charged with the arms of the see, impaling those of MONTAGUE, and round the shield is the device of the Order of the Garter, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* In two other shields are the arms of MONTAGUE only; under the two upper shields on a label is this inscription: *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum*, etc. Above the shields is a profile helmet with the crest of a griffin's head; behind is a flowing mantle, and at the bottom of the door two ornamented bosses. This design strongly marks the decorative taste of the period. The architrave round the entrance is composed of a number of mouldings, and a subarchitrave diverges from it, and forms a square head over the arch. The spandrels of the arch are filled with labels, inclosing wounded hearts, crowns of thorns, and wounded hands and feet, figurative of the five wounds of our Saviour. On each side of these are rich canopied niches, inclosing the statues of St. PETER and St. PAUL, the apostolic patrons of the church. A very small cornice runs over the head of the arch, supporting an elegant open battlement, which is divided in the centre by a niche, once filled, it may be supposed, with a statue of HENRY VII., as his arms and supporters remain perfect at the bottom of it. The lower parts of the first division over the impost to the turrets, which are of square forms, have simple narrow openings to light the staircases within them. On the upper begins the representation of Bishop KING's vision, which, according to Sir JOHN HARRINGTON, was as follows:

The bishop having been at Bath, imagined, as he one night lay meditating in bed, that he saw the Holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, near to which there was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown. The impression was so strong that the bishop thought he heard a voice, which said, "Let an *Olive* establish the crown, and let a *King* restore the church." This had such an effect on the good prelate that he instantly formed a design to rebuild the Church of St. Peter, set the work immediately in hand, and (as Sir JOHN HARRINGTON concludes) caused his vision to be represented on the outside of it under the title of *De sursum est* (It is from on high).

As expressed in stone on the west front of the Abbey Church, the bishop's dream takes the shape of ladders rising from a kind of undulating line, expressive of the surface of the ground, and here the angels, now much damaged, begin their ascension. On each side of the ladders are remains of figures which have some resemblance to shepherds, and over them are labels, the inscriptions of which are not legible. Other openings for light appear under the rounds of the ladders. The second divisions take octagonal forms, and on their fronts is seen the continuation of the ladders and the angels. On the tops of the ladders are the busts of two saints, each holding a book. The great window of the west front, with its seven lights and two transoms, is exceedingly magnificent. The battlements of this front are also very rich and varied.

The east end of the Abbey Church is very plain, its proportions by no means equalling those of the west. The great window of the choir has seven lights and three transoms, and, like the west doors, is included in a square compartment, with tracery and spandrels. The towers which flank it are plain and heavy, but panelled when clear of the roof. The aisles at the east end project beyond the centre, and have plain buttresses and a window with four lights and small doors under each. A wall running between these buttresses, and inclosing a space for lumber, takes off much of the beauty of this front. The north and south transept windows are fine, but only the latter can be seen to any advantage.

Many of the flying buttresses of the abbey church remain, but from its loss of pinnacles, and the number of buildings in the immediate neighborhood, much of the imposing appearance it would present if differently situated is lost. The composition of the tower is fine; it has octagonal turrets panelled above the cornice, and a very rich pierced battlement. The nave has five arches; the moulding of the piers is good, but very large, and the ceiling is a very flat arched roof of panelling, the mouldings of which are much too small for their height, and therefore contrast unpleasantly with the bolder work below. The ceiling of the side aisles of this part is open to the same objection. The windows of the nave and aisles are principally of five lights, with good but not very rich tracery; the clear-story windows have a transom. The screen, which is modern, runs at the eastern extremity of the nave, intercepting in a measure the view across the transepts. The whole of the eastern portion, including the transepts, has the same arrangement as to mouldings and windows as the nave, but is enriched by a series of fan traceries in the roof, of different designs, adapted to the different portions of the groining; those of the aisles are particularly beautiful, the plan being nearly square. The choir is of three arches; the easternmost on the south side is filled with a beautiful specimen of rich work, the chapel of Prior BIRD, which, though mutilated in various parts, contains much very excellent detail. It should be noticed that the window at the east end of the south aisle is inserted in an arch which appears Norman, and is probably the only remains of the more ancient edifice.

The interior of the Abbey Church is considered by many to be much disfigured by the number of monuments it contains. These, however, by reason of the illustrious remains they cover, and their curious inscriptions, possess a great interest for the visitor. In the nave is the altar-tomb of Bishop MONTAGUE, date 1618, with his effigy. In the south aisle of the nave may be found a plain marble tablet erected to the memory of Beau NASH, with an inscription by Dr. HARRINGTON. Here also is the monument of JAMES QUIN, with an inscription by GARRICK:

That tongue which set the table on a roar,
And charmed the public ear, is heard no more;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue what SHAKSPEARE writ:
Cold lies the hand which living was stretched forth
At friendship's call to succor modest worth.
Here lies JAMES QUIN! Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought—
In Nature's happiest mould however cast—
To this complexion must thou come at last.

In the north aisle of the nave of the Abbey Church is the monument of MALTHUS, the author of the *Essay on Population*, and SARAH FIELDING, with an inscription by Dr. JOHN HOADLEY: "For the honor of the dead, and the emulation of the living." In the south transept is the monument of Sir WILLIAM WALLER, a hero who fought at Lansdowne and Roundaway. The design is trite—a knight in armor reclining on his arm under Corinthian pillars. There is a tradition that King JAMES II., passing through the church, and casting his eye on WALLER's obnoxious effigy, instantly drew his sword and hacked off the poor knight's nose, in which mutilated state his face still continues.

The north transept of the Abbey Church contains several remarkable monuments, among others that of JAMES TAMESZ GRIEVE, physician to the Empress ELIZABETH of Russia, an interesting sculpture of the wife attempting to arrest the dart of Death. Here also is the memorial stone of MARY FLAXMAN, upon which is inscribed an epitaph by DRYDEN, too long to quote, but containing some remarkable verses. After learning some very minute particulars regarding the mortal frame of this "celestial maid," we are told that

Each thought was visible that rolled within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen:
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies—
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learned so much of heaven below
That when arrived she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print.

In the chancel to the left of the altar is the monument of Lady MILLER, a pretty specimen of sculpture by the elder BACON. On this the inscription reads:

Devoted stone! amidst the wrecks of time
Uninjured bear thy MILLER's spotless name:
The virtues of her youth and ripened prime,
The tender thought, th' enduring record claim.

When clos'd the numerous eyes that round this bier
Have wept the loss of wide-extended worth,
O gentle stranger, may one generous tear
Drop as thou bendest o'er this hallowed earth!

Are truth and genius, love and pity, thine,
With liberal charity and faith sincere?—
Then rest thy wand'ring step beneath this shrine,
And greet a kindred spirit hov'ring near.

Not far from the monument of Lady MILLER is that of Mrs. FRAZER, with the following tribute from, apparently, a most affectionate husband:

This tablet is erected to the memory of Mrs. MARY FRAZER, by her most afflicted husband, with the most devout resignation to the will of the Almighty, and a truly religious sense of gratitude for the blessings he has been permitted to enjoy with her in the various vicissitudes of life during a period of forty years of uninterrupted happiness. At the same time he shall ever with humility deplore the loss of her whose piety, benevolence, and amiable disposition will to the last hour remain most firmly and gratefully imprinted with the deepest sorrow on his mind.

There is a small collection of old books belonging to the Bath Abbey Church, and some very ancient manuscripts. The latest restoration of the time-worn edifice was achieved quite recently, under the direction of Sir GILBERT SCOTT, at a cost of £20,000. Jointly with Wells, Bath is the head of a diocese which is co-extensive with the county of Somerset. The bishop's palace, in the former city, is one of the finest episcopal residences in the whole of England.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR.

NEVER, even in the annals of Russian history, has a plot against the life of the sovereign been so carefully and systematically organized as that which, by a mere accident, failed in its effect on the 1st of December. As long ago as last September a house bordering upon the railway leading from the south, and situated about a quarter of a mile from the central station at Moscow, was bought for £370 by a young man named SAMARSKI, who at once proceeded to occupy it, in company with a young lady and three male companions. The new arrivals were regarded by the neighbors with some curiosity, as they appeared to receive very few friends, although carriages were occasionally heard to draw up at the door during the night, but were esteemed highly patriotic and truly orthodox, as the walls were covered with portraits of the Czar and royal family, whilst numerous candles burned before the various saintly pictures which are inseparable from Muscovite households.

Some remark was caused by the facts that the windows were carefully enshrouded by blinds, that SAMARSKI and his friends were rarely seen abroad, and that there was some excavating work being carried on in the house. SAMARSKI explained this statement by the fact that he was sinking a cellar. In reality, however, the conspirators were sinking a shaft some eighteen feet deep beneath the floor of an out-house, from which they tunnelled a passage to a point about fifty yards distant, under the adjacent railway line, and there constructed a capacious chamber, where the explosive charge was placed, being connected with a battery in the out-house, whence all passing trains could be seen.

The whole work displayed a marvellous amount of engineering skill and patient perseverance on the part of the conspirators, as it is calculated that 90,000 pounds weight of soil must have been removed during the operations, while the connecting tunnel was boarded, and in some parts even bricked, in order to prevent its falling in. How the attempt was eventually frustrated by the train containing the Czar preceding instead of following the baggage train, and how the latter was wrecked by the explosion, has already been told; but we may mention that the shock was felt at the distance of a mile, and that a hole was made in the ground four feet eight inches deep, ten feet long, and eighteen feet broad, the steel rails being completely shivered, and heavy clods of frozen earth being flung fifty yards away from the line. Curiously enough, although one carriage was turned completely over, no one appears to have been hurt—a fact probably due to the train having passed over another line of metals than those beneath which the charge had been placed. As might have been expected, the police at once searched the adjacent house, finding the battery, wires, and all the preparations, but the inmates had taken care to make good their escape. The news of the accident was not publicly known until the next morning, when, in receiving the congratulations of the municipality, the Czar expressed his gratitude to the Almighty for his providential escape. On his return to St. Petersburg the Czar was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the populace.

On the first Sunday after the attempted assassination of the Emperor of Russia a solemn service was celebrated on board the *Razdoynik* by Commodore NOVOSSILSKI, attended by Captain JILKOFF and Captain KOLOGERAS, of the *Nayesdik*, with the other officers and men of both ships. The ceremony, which took place at eleven o'clock in the morning, was very simple, yet impressive. The commodore faced an altarpiece, an illuminated painting of the patron saint St. HELENA, before which was suspended a lamp, and behind and on each side were the officers and men. A short prayer was offered, and the service, which occupied but a quarter of an hour, was wholly chanted, all the sailors joining. After service the men were drawn up in double file along the port side of the ship. Commodore NOVOSSILSKI having briefly addressed them, officers and men, enthusiastically cheering, waved their hats, giving three "hurrahs" for their Emperor. The men broke off, and the commodore and officers retired to the quarter-deck, where the steward was waiting with his can of *vodka* (corn whiskey), the ship's grog. All the sailors crowded under the bridge, and first taking off their hats, approached the steward, one after another, and, dipping a ladle into the vodka, drank the health of the Emperor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Oil Citizen received a bill last week from a New York firm, with the usual request: "Please write us by next mail; would like to close our books before the first of the year." Promptly he returned the answer: "All right; close them up. I have no objection."

An ambiguous Postal Card—Dear Father: Have received the money. Thanks. More next time. Your son, Charles.

A turkey never finds fault with his dressing. It is thyme this was said for the bird.

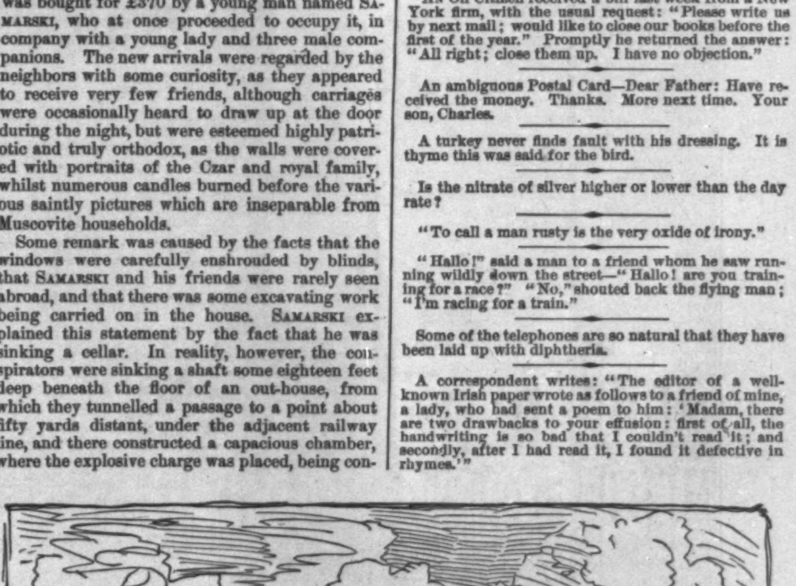
Is the nitrate of silver higher or lower than the day rate?

"To call a man rusty is the very oxide of irony."

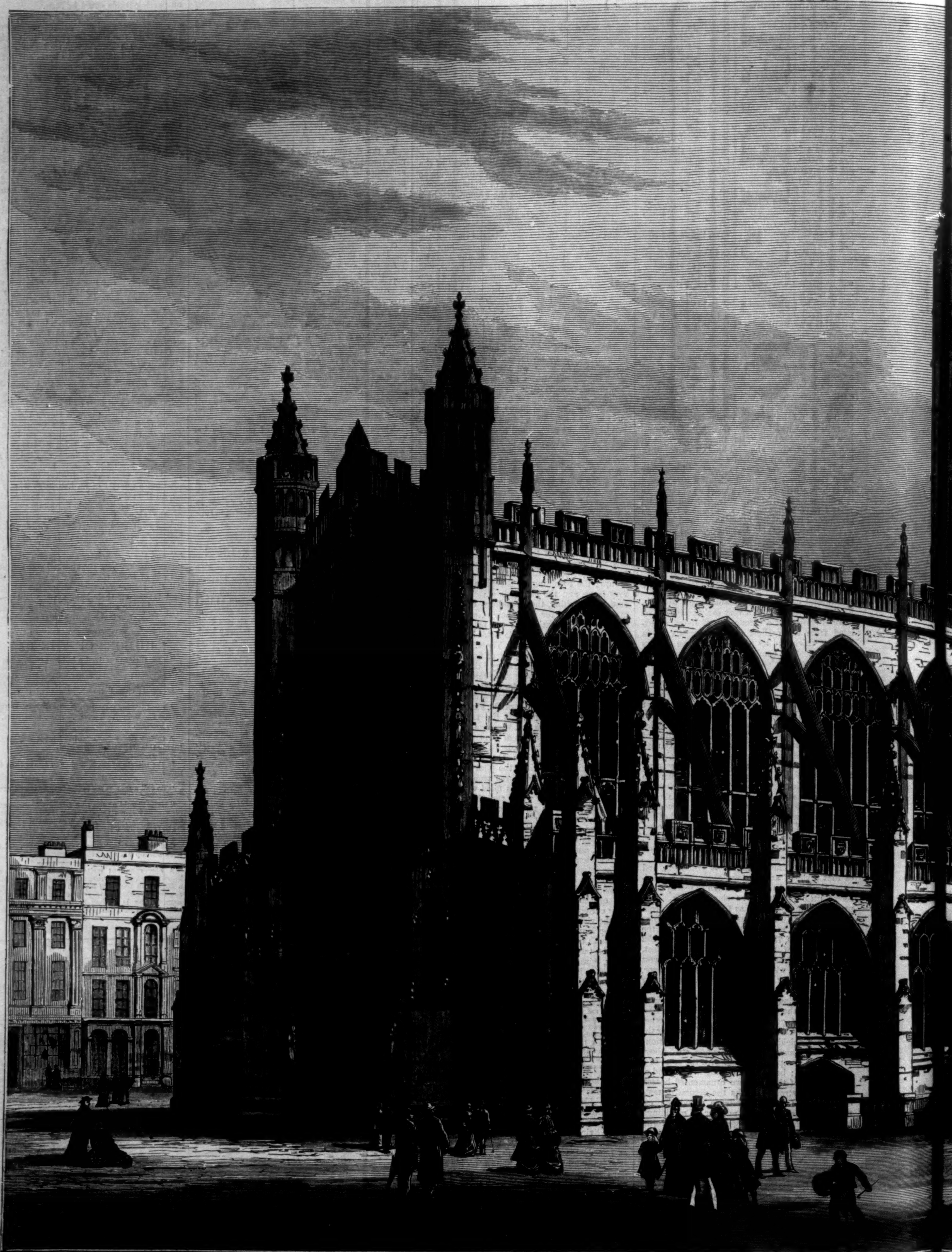
"Hallo!" said a man to a friend whom he saw running wildly down the street—"Hallo! are you training for a race?" "No," shouted back the flying man; "I'm racing for a train."

Some of the telephones are so natural that they have been laid up with diphtheria.

A correspondent writes: "The editor of a well-known Irish paper wrote as follows to a friend of mine, a lady, who had sent a poem to him: 'Madam, there are two drawbacks to your effusion: first of all, the handwriting is so bad that I couldn't read it; and secondly, after I had read it, I found it defective in rhymes.'"



MAINIACS—MAIN LAW, OR HOT WATER IN MAIN.
Shall it be Main Force, or Main Reason?



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—B[illegible]TH A

...TH ABBEY CHURCH.—[See Page 39.]

MIGNON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"MIGNON, 'a merry Christmas,' dear!
It's almost New-Year's greeting too;
But really I could not get here,
I've had so many things to do.
How have you spent your holiday?
Was it delightful, Mignonette?
By this I mean, of course, to say,
What Christmas presents did you get?

"I had, I think, just twenty-three—
That's counting papa and the boys—
But oh, my love, if you could see!
Nothing but bric-à-brac and toys.
There's such a lot of useless books,
Some things in gold, gloves, pockets, mats
(I hope they're better than their looks),
Some china monkeys, dogs, and cats.

"But not a single solitaire,
Although I hinted for a week.
I think papa was scarcely fair:
He took the hints like so much Greek.
And though ma said, in Albert's ear,
His sister Belle *expected* lace,
He sent me—Browning's *Poems!* Oh dear!
I think it was a shameful case.

"But, Mignon, you are rich and sweet,
And look as happy as a queen;
Say, what good fortune did you meet?
And what rich presents have you seen?"
Then Mignon, in a low, glad voice,
Said: "I had only presents three;
And yet I know you will rejoice
To hear what gifts have come to me.

"My darling mother gave me this:
Is it not fair in white and gold?
And then she blessed me with a kiss
That I shall feel when I am old."
"A Bible, Mignon! She is right;
But 'tis a Bible for a bride,
A Bible bound in gold and white:
Now, Mignon, what may that betide?"

"And father put this letter dear
Within my little trembling hand;
Upon it dropped a loving tear,
And though I scarce could understand
His grave advice and counsels wise,
I know it makes my own for aye
A fair estate, that southward lies,
Upon the pleasant Newport Bay.

"This, the last present of the three."
Then in her palm she laid a ring.
Belle looked at it, and said: "I see
A very plain, old-fashioned thing.
Some relic, Mignon, I suppose—
Some talisman to keep off harm;
Why, now you're blushing like a rose—
Come, tell me, love, what is the charm."

"This small round circle keepeth, Belle,
A heart far more than life to me,
Far greater wealth than I can tell,
Far sweeter love that is to be.
Plain as it looks, a noble line
Wed always with this ancient thing.
Pledge of the joy that shall be mine,
'Tis little Mignon's wedding ring."

Then Belle, in glad and sweet surprise,
Rose up and kissed fair Mignon's cheek,
And kissed her lips and drooping eyes,
And spoke as loving souls may speak.
"O happy girl! No gems or gold
Your priceless gifts can stand above.
I would that every girl might hold
Such Christmas gifts of Home and Love!"

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THERE is a general impression among country people that all London houses are more or less alike; whereas, as a matter of fact, there are almost as many diversities of form among them as of class. It is true that whole streets have in some localities as absolute a sameness as though they were turned out by a machine; but even where the builder has done his worst to produce a hideous uniformity, it is curious how the tenant or the lodger will set him at naught, and effect some change, however small, in the supposed direction of the picturesque. This is especially the case in the suburbs, where every coign of vantage is seized upon whereon to place some object—from a flower-box to a conservatory—to break the "long unlovely street," and lend it some touch of beauty. There every foot of ground is prized and made the most of in the way of garden, and by the pains that are taken with them may be gathered to no small extent the character of the occupier.

I have in my mind's eye a long row of suburban villas in the southwestern district, very small, and but semi-detached, but rejoicing in the high-sounding name of Cavendish Grove. Each pair of these twins in brick was originally the counterfeit presentment of the others; but a bay-window or a bow has been thrown out from time to time, or a balcony added, or a veranda, or even but a supplementary porch, which suffices to bestow some little distinctiveness. At the back of each runs a long narrow plot of ground of precisely the same length and breadth in all cases, and originally presenting to the beholder but a patch of grass—the Scotch term of "back green" correctly describes them; but at the present date and season, which is late July, all these are gardens more or less bright with blossom, and paying more or less their voluntary tax in fragrance to the vagrant summer breeze. So very modest are the means of the dwellers in Cavendish Grove that there is not one greenhouse in the whole row; the flowers are for the most part of the cheaper kind; and if a tree is to be seen, be sure it is because Nature herself placed it there, and Man, the enterprising Builder, did not think it worth while to grub it up. No aloes in tubs insult the scanty shrubs that adorn these paradises; but there are arbors, small, indeed, yet out of all proportion to the pleasure-grounds about them; grottoes looking like some handful of curiosities which one picks up in an afternoon's ramble by the sea-shore, and getting tired of, drops on the way home; and fountains of microscopic size.

In summer the inhabitants may be almost said to migrate from their houses into these miniature Edens, which they find to be a cheaper method of obtaining change than by going into the country or on the Continent, and infinitely more convenient. It may be "cockneyfied," but to my thinking it is a pleasant and touching sight to behold these denizens of the City thus making the most of the scanty breathing space that fate has allotted to them, and playing "green fields and Arcady" on so limited a stage.

The garden of No. 7 Cavendish Grove is no bigger than the rest, but it is beyond all question the most tastefully laid out. It eschews grottoes; but in the centre of its little lawn there is a tiny fountain, which keeps up, juggler-like, a golden ball that rises, falls, and climbs again its silver thread, in a very metaphor-suggesting manner. At the end remote from the house an elm-tree, that looks quite stately by comparison with its surroundings, overhangs some garden seats, and helps to keep up the semblance of seclusion. Such lines, indeed, as

"Deep in the shady silence of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,"

could, it must be confessed, be hardly applied to this retreat; but it was tolerably sequestered, and at least admitted of the little party at present in occupation of it conversing together unheard and almost unseen. The group consisted but of three persons—Stephen Durham, the proprietor of No. 7 Cavendish Grove, and his nephew, Matthew Helston, and his wife; the two young people were nominally lodgers, but the three (and one other) all lived together in a manner so friendly and familiar that it would never suggest the relationship of landlord and tenants. Matthew and Uncle Stephen were connected together not only by the blood which is thicker than water—for that, alas! is not always cohesive—but by the far firmer ties of friendship and feeling. Though the one was a very young man, and the other a septuagenarian, they had tastes and sympathies in common; the older, too, had held out his hand to the younger at a certain crisis of his life, when he had seemed about to lose all footing in the world, and helped him on to firm or tolerably firm ground, and Matthew Helston was no ingrate. Benevolence, however, could not be said to be the leading feature of Stephen Durham's character; his tastes were too exceptional, his mode of life had been too secluded, to admit of that; but where he liked he loved, and what he did do for his fellow-creatures was done without stint. His white hair, which was still abundant, and the long white beard, as fine as though it were of spun glass, gave him a venerable and philanthropic appearance; but the keen gray eyes and the deep lines in the wrinkled face somewhat detracted from this. A scholar and a recluse, he had, in fact, been at odds with the world from an early date, and had but an indifferent opinion of it. Nevertheless, it was very clear that he made exceptions in this matter, from the expression of content and tenderness with which, as he leaned back on the comfortably cushioned garden seat, he regarded his two companions.

Matthew Helston was a man of about eight-and-twenty, but his thin and delicate features made him appear older. He had an old man's habit, too, when in repose, of supporting his broad and prominent forehead with his fingers, as though it were too heavy for him, and a slow though melodious mode of speech, which tended to increase his years in the eyes of others. He was undoubtedly handsome: his brown eyes were large and lustrous, and his brown hair curled crisply over his forehead, in a manner one is wont to associate with the portraits of Byron. But there all similarity between Matthew Helston and the noble poet ended. Delicate of constitution, though not absolutely an invalid, he had none of the vigor or *élan* of youth: his thought had something of the sluggishness as well as of the maturity of a riper age; without being the victim to morbid disappointment, the consciousness of having missed his mark in life seemed to be ever present with him, and, as he might have himself expressed it—for he was of a mechanical turn—clogged the wheels of being. When alone, a profound melancholy would often settle upon him, but his face when turned to his uncle wore always a look of cheerfulness and content, and when it rested on his young wife, never failed to light up with an ineffable tenderness, born of love and a vague fear of loss, which always haunted him in respect to her, and just now more than ever. For Sabey, as he called his Isabel, was as fragile as she was fair, and in a few months would for the first time become a mother. Without being beautiful, she had all the charms that youth and grace and gentleness can bestow on woman. Her hair was brown, like her husband's, but much lighter, and, instead of curling crisply, descended in great folds and masses about her, like a very garment. She moved with the daintiness and elegance of a fawn, and like a fawn was playful and timid. Her dark eyes were bright and animated, as was the whole expression of her features; and though but a few years younger than her husband, she was the antipodes of him in this respect, that she was youth personified, the very type of girlhood. It was as difficult for Matthew to imagine her being laden with the cares of maternity as that a flower should bear a burden, and hence the sharpest of his heart-aches. But he knew little of the nature of women: how not only the hard ones—that is, those who have unsexed themselves, and become mean and cruel—are, unfortunately, tough as leather, but even the soft ones, the gentlest and apparently the most fragile, have, thank Heaven! a miraculous vitality, which, provided they are not wounded through their affections, bears them up against what seems overwhelming odds, both physical and mental.

The labors of the day, which have been very different in their three cases, are over, and these, the chief personages in our tale, are sitting together in their little garden, at what nuns call "recreation," and which was indeed as simple and innocent an amusement as could be indulged in even in a nunnery.

Matthew Helston, with one hand on his wife's shoulder, was reading the last "Idyl of the King" (which he had brought home with him that day from the publisher's), and the other two were listening to him. His fine and somewhat solemn voice suited well with the Idyls, as did his natural mood, and his wife might well be pardoned for thinking him unrivalled as a reader. Amy, her sister (of whom more anon), used to declare that with a Shakspeare, a couple of candles, and a glass of water, dear Matt could make a fortune in this capacity—*in the provinces:* a qualification that made Sabey very wroth. She was listening to him now as though to the music of the spheres. Old Stephen Durham, with half-shut eyes and a hollowed hand against his ear, that hinted of his seventy years, was not so pleased, though he had nothing to find fault with in the reader. Up to the death of Modred he showed no great interest in the narrative, till it arrived at those noble lines,

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea,"

when, "like a horse that hears the corn-bin open," he pricked his ears and grunted, "Ha! that's fine!"

"But it isn't new, uncle," laughed Sabey. "That was in the 'Morte d'Arthur,' you know."

"Of course, I know, you baggage," returned he (though he had forgotten it). "The old songs are best, even of your modern bards, and those too are on the wane. The very song-birds themselves, I do believe, are dying out."

"Come, tell the truth, uncle," said Sabey: "you are thinking of the Republican blackbird of which we read in the newspaper yesterday."

"Well, perhaps I was," confessed the old man, smiling. "Any stick suffices to beat a dog with."

"What was the Republican blackbird?" inquired Matthew.

"Well, it was a bird of *your* feather," explained the old gentleman, "the last of those French ones who were taught the 'Marseillaise' in 1848. I have heard them myself in the Calvados country; they used to sing in the convent garden, rather to the scandal of the good monks. Some brute, it seems, shot this last one. It was quite gray; but, unlike us humans, had kept its principles though it had changed its coat."

"It seems to me you two pick up a deal of information," observed Matthew, affecting a grumbling air, "while I am chained to my desk."

"His *desk!* Did I hear Matt talking of his *desk?*" cried one, in clear musical tones, from the parlor window, which opened on some iron steps communicating with the garden. Then, as she ran lightly down them to join the rest, "Why, Matt sits 'with a crown of gold on a throne,' like the king of the mermen, and only gets off to walk upon Tom Tiddler's ground all among the gold and the silver."

The fact was, Matthew was the chief clerk, or one of them, in a great jewellers' firm, and detested his employment, over which, as in this instance, his sister-in-law, Amy, was therefore always throwing the glamour of her wit and fancy. Matthew himself would have endeavored to ignore it, but Amy more wisely strove to take a humorous view both of his work and his master. She was quite like enough to Sabey to be recognized as her sister, but she was like her with all sorts of differences. Though younger by some years, she looked her elder; she was three or four inches taller; her hair and complexion were darker; while their characters themselves, so far as they had been developed, were in great contrast to one another.

Sabey's very being was merged in that of her husband; she saw the world through his eyes, and almost thought through him—though her thoughts were no second-hand ones in a vulgar sense; whereas Amy was of a masterful and independent spirit. Old Stephen called her "the coming woman"; whether she was so or not, she had educated herself in the completest modern style, and carried off the first prize from the Ladies' College, in itself an immaterial one, but which had subsequently gained her one of the best preferments—namely, a post of one hundred pounds a year—that it lies in the way of governesses to obtain. Up to that date she had been a guest in good Stephen Durham's little establishment, but now she not only paid her share of the expenses, but had insisted, much to the indignation of the rest, on repaying by degrees her arrears of debt; so that by this time, as they all thought, and said (to one another), taking into the account the sunshine that her presence there diffused among them, the obligation was greatly on the other side. Yet she had a hard life of it, had Amy, if a life of toil is necessarily hard; she left home immediately after breakfast, and did not return to it till, as on this occasion, the day was well spent, and supper-time almost at hand. But then—oh, then—it was to her like coming home from school is to school-boy. Her holiday-time began five days in the week at 6 P.M., and on Saturdays even earlier; and, unlike most school-boys, she had earned it.

"Sit down, Amy," cried Sabey, with mock imperiousness. "I won't have Matt teased, or even interrupted. He is reading the 'Passing of Arthur.'"

"All right, dear; let him pass," said Amy; and she pulled out from a side pocket some work and a thimble (for she could never be idle, even for a moment), and sat down with the rest. Not a word did she interpose for full five minutes, till the reader came to

"There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry."

Then she exclaimed, "Oh, what a pity Mr. Signet is not here!"

"Mr. Signet! What on earth can you want him here for?" exclaimed Matthew, indignant at the interruption in so fine a passage, but still more so at the introduction of his employer's name.

"Well," said Amy, "because he would enjoy it so; I mean all about the 'diamond sparks' and 'topaz lights' and 'jacinth-work'—it's quite in his way, you know."

"My dear Amy, I shall never see that passage again," said Matthew, reprovingly, and yet unable to restrain a smile, "without thinking of the shop. The quotation is rather in the jewelry line, certainly."

"Of course it is: can't you fancy Mr. Signet as the bold Sir Bedivere?"

"No, I can't," said Sabey, frankly.

"Oh, but *I* can," continued Amy; "that is, so far as not throwing away Excalibur is concerned. When he saw 'the wonder of the hilt,' and the diamonds in it, I am sure he never could have thrown it into the water even the third time. It would have been too much for his professional feelings."

Matthew had closed the book mechanically at the mention of his employer's name, and his smile was a forced one as he listened to the girl's playful words. "I think it very hard," she ran on, "that you have never introduced me, Matt, to Mr. Signet. He must be like the prince in the fairy tale, I'm sure, whose words were pearls and diamonds, and at all events he must have plenty of them to give away. If he took a fancy to a young woman—any deserving and well-conducted young person like myself, for example—his little *cadeaux* would be worth having; whereas I—"

Here a curious circumstance happened. A rose, presumably urged by a human hand, executed a parabola over the neighboring wall, and fell at her feet. Its color immediately communicated itself to the face of the fair speaker, and cut her eloquence short.

"Oh, traitress!" cried Sabey, clapping her hands delightedly. "Look at her, Matt; look at her blushing with conscious guilt!"

"I can't help people throwing rubbish over the garden wall," said Amy, raising her voice so that the offender might hear her. "Who *can* it be, I wonder?"

"I'll prosecute the fellow," cried old Stephen, in pretended ire.

"You had better not, uncle," replied Sabey.

"Why not? Don't spare him on my account, I beg," said Amy.

"Not at all, my dear," rejoined her sister. "I only thought it dangerous because he's a lawyer."

Everybody knows the satisfaction with which the discomfiture of the wittiest personage in a company is received; and the little party were delighted with this retort, which reduced poor Amy to silence.

Presently she said, with a charming affectation of humility, "Frank wants to know whether he may come in to supper."

"Oh, that's what a rose thrown over a garden wall means, is it?" exclaimed Uncle Stephen, laughing. "The language of flowers was not so explicit in my time."

"Nor in mine," said Matthew. "The thing reminds me more of those systems of *memoria technica* where a whale in a sentry-box is made to suggest the date of the battle of Hastings, or a camel with a tomtit on its back calls to mind some verse in Revelations."

"You have not said whether Frank is to come, Sabey," observed Amy, demurely.

"My dear, of course he may come; pray tell him so."

"I *have*," said Amy; "at least, if he wasn't to come, I should have thrown the rose back."

"A simple and ingenious system of telegraphy," observed Matthew, smiling; "and above all," he added, with a sigh, "it works."

Matthew Helston was a theoretical inventor; that is to say, he was the author of some admirable inventions, which seemed perfect until you tried to put them in practice—when they had failed utterly.

"I have no doubt," said Sabey, quickly—for it was not well to let Matthew dwell upon his mechanical disappointments—"that Amy could let Mr. Barlow know by a mere change of signal what we have got for supper."

"Of course," said Amy, who had now quite recovered herself: "if I threw him an apple, it would mean crab; or an onion, it would signify tripe or Irish stew. The combinations of our connotative code are practically unlimited."

This last sentence was not only an excellent imitation of Matthew's style when in his engineering vein, but was delivered with all the gravity and deliberation that distinguished him under such circumstances.

Even Sabey smiled, though she thought it rather irreverent in Amy thus to make fun of Matthew, who, to do him justice, himself joined in the laugh that shook the rest; as it ended, there came like an echo a fainter but no less appreciative laugh from the other side of the garden wall, which showed that Mr. Barlow, attorney at law, had sharp ears, and could enjoy a joke.

It was all mere family fun, no doubt, without

any pretensions to repartee or epigram; but in the wholesome air of love and home, such light things float; nor, it must be confessed, were the company themselves more dense than one occasionally finds to be the case in certain highly rarefied and artificial atmospheres.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BATTLE FOR THE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

A COMBINATION of circumstances by no means inexplicable has made the common school the battle-ground of the century. The question of questions is under whose control it shall be. The struggle for the possession of the teacher's chair has spread all over the Christian world—that is to say, over all the world which has the leadership of thought. It is noteworthy, too, that this strife outlasts all other strifes. There may be dynastic wars and wars of ambition, boundaries may be changed, new sovereignties created, kings and emperors come and go, but when political disturbances are composed, and political foes once more become friends, the *Culturkampf*, as it is called in Europe, breaks out afresh. It is a smouldering fire which is never put out, and every little while we have the spectacle of a fresh eruption of flame.

It is plain that a sense of the importance of the school, which never existed before, has grown up in the minds of statesmen. Hitherto the independence of the state has been guarded by means of fortifications, armies, and navies; but in a time when the world is governed by ideas, the formation of right opinion in the school has come to be the state's best security—perhaps its only adequate security. Busy as the great states of the world are in remodelling their armies, they are busier yet in remodelling education. That ladder of ascent, which, as HUXLEY has said, should "reach from the gutter to the university," is now planted with a care in former times unknown. But who shall guard the access to it? Who shall bar or grant approach to the various stages and landing-places which it touches? The issue, narrowed to its most precise terms, may be thus stated: "Shall the state assert its right of self-protection in the training of childhood and youth, or shall it suffer that training to be controlled by an ecclesiastical corporation whose dogmas are believed to be subversive of the state's independence?"

When we scan the whole of the broad battle-field, the contest appears in various stages. Germany has struck the Church with the mailed hand, has expelled bishops, has required candidates for the priesthood to accept state training, has suppressed Catholic orders, and has appointed lay inspectors for schools. And now the combatants have stopped to take breath, and to frame a compromise, in which it may be predicted that the state will surrender nothing essential. In France the conflict wears the aspect of a struggle for the perpetuity of the republic. The Church there has never failed, so far, to recover, through its teaching orders, much of the ground lost in periods of revolution. With characteristic patience she waits. The radical French republican is determined this time to be beforehand, and to win the battle for liberty in the school-house. The bill of M. FERRY, which has passed the Assembly and is now before the Senate, restores the exclusive right of the state to grant academic degrees, and to institute the necessary examinations. As positions of importance can be held only by men who have taken university diplomas, the state in such a change resumes great powers. To this feature of the bill there is a general disposition to yield assent; but Article VII., which forbids the unauthorized religious orders from engaging in teaching, has been fought over nearly a year. It has excited the ire of the bishops, one of whom has declared that, if adopted, it will not be obeyed; another, that its authors must be descendants of apes, or have the devil for their father. Every Frenchman understands that the article is aimed at the Jesuits, who are in France 1509 in number, and have about 16,000 pupils. In point of fact, the sum total of the members of unauthorized religious orders is small in comparison with the number of the members of the authorized—19,649 to 135,966; but then the Jesuits have a strong hold upon the education of the middle classes in its higher grades. The Jesuits, say the republicans, are educating young men to hate the republic.

To be sure of his case, M. FERRY has sent for the text-books used in Jesuit schools and subjected them to close examination. He has made some notable discoveries, which he revealed in a powerful speech delivered to the Assembly. One book cited by him speaks thus of the Inquisition: "The Inquisition never condemned to death, but as the emperors regarded heresy as a crime, they seized the guilty as they went forth from the Inquisition, and had them executed." This is drawing the long-bow, but is surpassed by an account of the English people in a volume entitled "*Extraits des Mensonges et Erreurs Historiques*, par M. CH. BARTHÉLEMY," intended for the young. "In London," says this volume, "and all over England, the holiness of marriage is destroyed; bigamy is frequent; the wife is not the companion but the slave of the husband; the conjugal tie is dissolved; the children are poisoned or sold. Such is the state of the family under Anglicanism, and our neighbors are, forsooth, to be extolled for their patriarchal habits and their large families—families which they dispose as we have described." To say the least, this is very coarse food for the minds of young persons, but it is Jesuit history. Following this line of attack, a member of the Assembly, M. BERT, quoted from a volume of *Instructions for Christian Young Men and Young Women*, published in 1840, and approved by four bishops, in which it is taught that stealing from the rich in small sums is not a mortal sin, and that the property of another may be taken if it is in compensation for what can not be otherwise recovered. Another volume, issued in 1867, and intended for girls' schools, could not be read by M. BERT, because there were ladies present in the gallery of the Assembly. The speaker yielded to the force of this objection, but said "it was anomalous that it was impossible to read before an assembly of men and an auditory of adults, what was intended for the study of a girl." No attempt was made to dispute the accuracy of the citations. One thorough-going Ultramontanist, in reply to the statement that a certain scandalously immoral doctrine of a French Jesuit had the support of LIGUORI, promptly said: "The Church having approved the doctrines of St. ALFONSO DE LIGUORI, we have no right to deny the doctrine, for we are Catholics to the core."

Here, then, are two types of mind in conflict, and the scene of the conflict is the school. Shall the state, ask the French republicans, permit itself to be undermined by these plotters, who, to insure success, begin early, and preoccupy the minds of French youth with their immoral and reactionary ideas? One is tempted to think that the object of the offering of Article VII. of the FERRY bill is rather to "show up" the Jesuits than seriously to try to force its passage. But M. FERRY has defended it both in and out of the Assembly with great tenacity. The article, it is claimed, is clearly within the law; the unauthorized religious orders have in France no legal standing; they have continued to live there by tacit consent, nothing more. The fall of the WADDINGTON ministry will hardly affect the final result, for its successor will be still more radical.

The uncertain blows which France aims at the "black International" are in strong contrast with the decisive strokes of Switzerland. The Alpine republic has solved the problem of securing the independence of the state in the school with masterly skill. Education is made compulsory. The cantons are required to provide satisfactory elementary instruction, which must be under the exclusive control of the civil authorities. They are not permitted to delegate this duty to any religious order. Religious orders that undertake to teach must come up to a standard which the state marks as "sufficient," or be prosecuted. Cantons failing to comply with these laws, which are incorporated in the federal Constitution, may be coerced by the general government.

This scheme is certainly thorough; it intends to rescue the state from the clutch of the Church, and does it. It meets, too, the wishes of the Swiss, for it was adopted by an overwhelming popular vote. It has been in force five years, and the cantons are rapidly conforming to its requirements. It suffers religious orders to teach, but supervises their teaching. It is as if the state had said, "Swiss children shall learn something besides the repeating of 'Hail, MARYS'; they shall know what is needed to fit them to be good citizens, and of the total amount required the state shall be the judge." Experience seems to have taught the confederation that the Church, in her anxiety to preoccupy the minds of children with dogma, has failed to impart adequate secular knowledge. The sharp competition of the nations with each other in the useful and the ornamental arts has proved that the foundation of industrial success must be laid in the primary schools. Now the ideal human society in the mind of the Church is an ecclesiastical Arcadia, where the people are a simple folk, and the priest is the source of knowledge and grace, the conscience-keeper, the savings-holder or banker, the one man in a community of grown-up children. But such pretty Arcadias are not for this rough and tough nineteenth century. Like GOLDSMITH'S "Sweet Auburn," they are wholly out of date. The state has found itself paralyzed by a body of citizens, reared in the teaching of the Church, who in point of intellect are barely above the level of infantile weakness. And as to priestly banking, have we not here at home had an experience which shows what a miserable failure the Church's ideal social state may prove to be? Have not Catholics in the United States, to their great sorrow, had a PURCELL?

"This is utter godlessness," replies the Church. Not precisely: Swiss law permits religious instruction to be given in the school-house, out of school hours, by priest or minister. But is it not quite time to ask, "What *is* godlessness?" The Church has the ready answer, "All that is not Catholic is godless." But this is a proposition which modern society will not accept. Catholic thinkers insist that there is no middle term between the rejection of their Church and unbelief, but modern society holds that such a middle term has been found in various non-Catholic forms of Christian faith. Modern society may fairly retort by asking Catholic thinkers if they believe God to be the private property of their Church, for this is what the cry of godlessness amounts to. The modern world is too sensible to accept such preposterous nonsense, however much it may be fortified by logic.

In Belgium the battle has ended in a clear victory for the state. The priest is dislodged from the control of primary education. He may visit the schools, is encouraged to do so, and may teach religion therein, but only out of school hours. He can no longer prescribe lessons or text-books. Belgium has ordained that the communal teachers must have been pupils of the state schools. M. FRÈRE ORBAN, the Premier, is as resolute as M. FERRY, but he has not undertaken to disturb the Catholic teaching orders; they are left at liberty to establish parish schools to the extent of their wishes. The Church has called on the faithful to give liberally for this purpose, and is applying its customary coercion, wherever necessary, to secure obedience.

The Belgian bishops have attacked the new law with the utmost intemperance of language. A report was rife that the life of the King was threatened by the Jesuits. LEO XIII. has interposed, and has counselled the Belgian prelates to moderation. His language to them is precisely that of Archbishop WILLIAMS to Father SCULLY. The bishops, says the Pope, are right as to their doctrines, but have gone beyond the bounds of prudence. "Be prudent, venerable brethren, be prudent," is now the word of the Vatican. "Abate nothing of the claim of the Church's right to educate men, but have a careful regard in your conduct to circumstances." Under PIUS IX. a crusade against the liberal features of the Belgian Constitution was begun; under LEO XIII. it is discouraged. LEO will not uphold his episcopal servants in a war against Belgian law. The difference is in the temper of the two Popes; on points of principle PIUS and LEO fully accord.

The contest in the New World will be considered in another paper. GEORGE R. CROOKS.

A COTTON BLOCKADE.

MERIDIAN, a small city in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, presents a very lively appearance while undergoing a "cotton blockade," as our artist found it during a recent visit there. Those who witnessed the desolation that reigned there during the yellow fever excitement of last year would have been astonished by the contrast occasioned by the revival of prosperity and business activity.

The city contains about four thousand people, and being situated at the junction of several railroads, it is an entrepôt for immense quantities of cotton brought in from the surrounding country. Thousands upon thousands of cotton bales accumulate there, and often it happens that the railroads can not furnish sufficient facilities for their transportation.

Our sketches on page 36 show some striking features of life in Meridian during one of these blockades. Money is plenty, and gayety pervades all classes of people. This lasts but a short time, however; and when the season passes away, the town relapses into the quiet routine that characterizes it during the greater part of the year.

THE LATE WILLIAM McKEE.

THE public career of this well-known journalist, who died at St. Louis, Missouri, on the 20th of December, was intimately connected with the long contest against slavery, in which he stands forth with peculiar distinctness as the man who first established a Free-Soil paper in a Slave State. He was a man of strong convictions, extraordinary courage, and great intellectual ability. While the struggle lasted, he was always at the front. It was to him that LINCOLN said, after the contest had been transferred from the debate of politics to the ordeal of battle, "Your paper is worth more to us than ten regiments of soldiers."

WILLIAM MCKEE was born in New York city in 1815. His parents removed to Illinois when he was about five years old, but returned after a brief sojourn, and he received his education and learned the profession of a journalist here. He was at different times employed on the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *Evening Star*.

In 1841 Mr. MCKEE removed to Missouri. After a somewhat varied journalistic experience, he was selected in 1849 as the publisher of *The Barnburner*—a paper started in the interest of the Free-Soil movement. It was edited by FRANK P. BLAIR. The paper created a great sensation in the political world, and the boldness of its editorials attracted wide attention. It was not a financial success, and in less than three months its publication was discontinued. The seed, however, was sown that in after-years produced ripe fruit, and led to very important results.

The Free-Soil party in Missouri demanded another newspaper organ, and in 1852 Mr. MCKEE established *The Democrat*. Within a few months *The Union* was purchased, and the two papers were united, under the name of *The Missouri Democrat*. The paper did manful work for the cause of freedom, and it is not too much to say that in the dark days of 1861 *The Missouri Democrat* saved the State from secession.

In 1872 Mr. MCKEE disposed of his interest in *The Democrat*, and the same year was associated with others in establishing *The Globe*. After a bitter newspaper contest of three years the two journals were consolidated, under the name of *The Globe-Democrat*, Mr. MCKEE becoming editor-in-chief. His connection with the paper continued to the time of his death. Under his vigorous management *The Globe-Democrat* attained a commanding position in the West, in spite of the fact that more than one-half of the people of Missouri differ from it in politics.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is always a shock to the benevolent public, whose sympathies have been enlisted in behalf of some person believed to be most unfortunate and destitute, but deserving, to find that the "worthy" subject of their charity turns out to be an impostor. It has the very natural effect of hardening the hearts and closing the purses of many good people when another case of, it may be, genuine misery appears. An instance recently occurred in this city which has attracted much attention. On Christmas morning a man was seen to break a window in a plumber's shop, and take several brass faucets and conceal them beneath his coat. He was arrested, and being brought into court, he declared he was a carpenter, long out of work, that his wife and child were starving, and that in desperation he had stolen to get some money to buy bread for them. His story and appearance awakened sympathy; his wife and child were found at a room he designated suffering for food and medical attendance. Temporary relief was immediately given, the sad story made public, and contributions flowed in. The accused was released on bail given by a benevolent man, and he returned to a home made comfortable by abundant gifts from those who could forgive crime committed by one "made desperate by lack of food." A few days afterward, however, it was discovered that the "poor carpenter" whose pitiful story had excited so much sympathy was a thief who had served a term of eighteen months in the Penitentiary, and had left the Island only a few days before Christmas, and that he had received various sums of money by his recital of his suffering condition. The man was re-arrested, of course. There seemed to be no doubt that his wife and child were really objects of charity. Such a tale as this is likely to prevent many from giving assistance to those far more deserving than this pretended carpenter. Yet who can realize the peculiar difficulties under which a discharged criminal, or a discharged prisoner of any kind, labors when he first steps from a long confinement into liberty? There is no work ready for him to do—and who wants to employ a thief? His previous mode of life is a temptation, at least, even were he inclined to reform, and the lack of money for himself—for his family, it may be—leads a perverted nature to crime almost inevitably. All this is no excuse for wrong-doing, it is true, but a remembrance of special temptations that assail discharged criminals may induce the practically benevolent to devise more efficient measures than now exist for the relief of a serious and radical evil.

It is probable that before long steam-pipes will be laid in the streets of this city below Canal Street; and the assurance is given by the Spinola company that public and other buildings can be heated at much less expense than at present, by the new apparatus.

Not long ago the New Testament Committee of the American Bible Revision met in this city, and finished the second revision of the Book of Revelation. The Old Testament Committee at their last session revised for the first time the translation of a part of the Book of Job. It is expected that the revised New Testament will be finished and published by the English university presses during the year 1880.

The legal rate of interest in New York will be six per cent. after January 1, 1880.

With the season of pleasure on the ice comes the season of danger. A short time ago a lad of sixteen ventured on the thin ice of Prospect Park Lake, Brooklyn, and was drowned. Two boys living near Woodmansie, New Jersey, were drowned while skating the day after Christmas.

"A disgrace to the city!" Such is the general opinion of all decent people in regard to Washington Market; and we may add also Fulton Market, although the latter is not so bad as the former. Those of our readers who have visited Washington Market will readily believe that it is what an exchange recently stated it to be—"probably one of the filthiest marts in the world." Those who have never been in it had better not attempt it, unless they wish to have their feelings wrought up to a righteous indignation. That might be useful, if they would then use their influence to have that dismal, dirty, dilapidated establishment replaced by one which would reflect some credit upon the metropolis of America.

An unpublished manuscript of great interest has been found in France. It is by Richelieu, and dates from 1609. Its title is "Maxims that I have Adopted for my Conduct at Court."

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gives the following "Maine Catechism:"

Q. Who makes the Governor of Maine?
A. The Legislature.
Q. Who makes the Legislature?
A. The Governor.
Q. Does an election in Maine require a majority of votes, or is a plurality sufficient?
A. Neither. The person elected must receive a minority of the votes cast.
Q. What is the use of a popular election in that State?
A. That is what no fellow can find out.

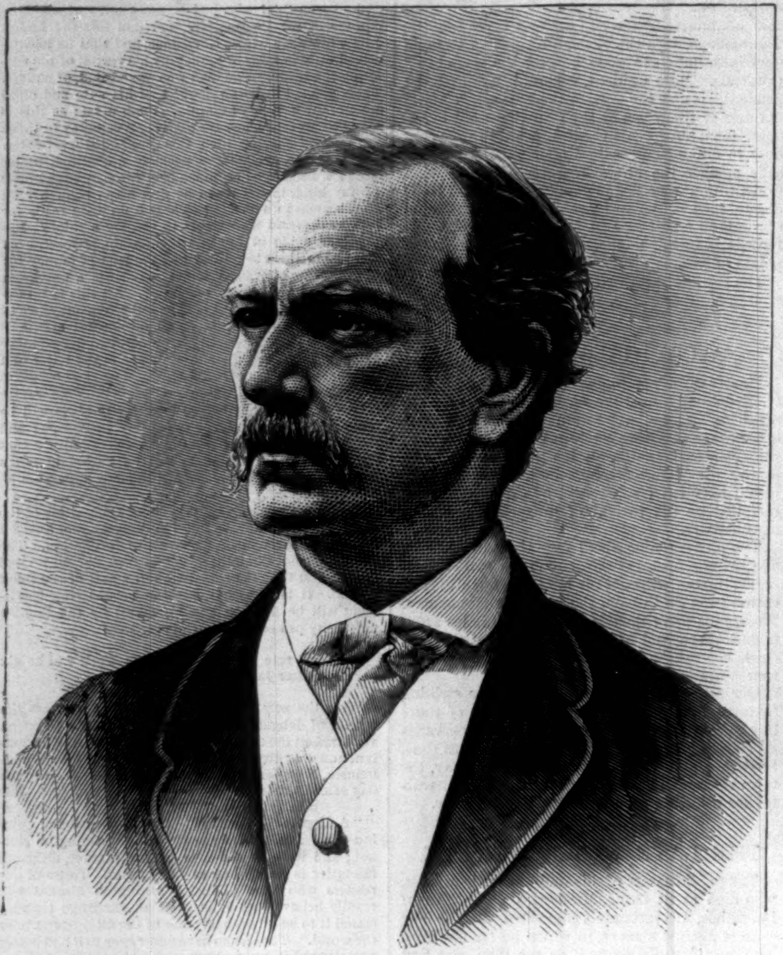
A somewhat singular case of the power of conscience was recently brought to light in this city. More than eight years ago a quarrel occurred in a barroom in First Avenue, in which one Thomas Whalen shot and killed a brother of the liquor-saloon keeper. The murderer escaped, but his companions were arrested as accessories, though they have never been brought to trial. A short time ago Whalen surrendered himself to the authorities, stating that the remembrance of his crime weighed heavily upon his mind, and he desired to atone for it.

Experiments made by Dr. Collyer, the chemist of the Agricultural Department, have demonstrated that an acre of sorghum will produce as much sugar as an acre of the best sugar-cane, with this advantage for the sorghum, that it can be grown from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas, while sugar-cane can only be cultivated successfully in Louisiana in this country. Dr. Collyer has been visiting New England with reference to the cultivation of sorghum, and thinks many farmers will next year experiment on a small scale in sorghum culture and sugar manufacture.

It is related of the poet Tennyson, that not long ago he attended an afternoon tea in London, at which a certain lady, who wished to honor him, began to recite one of his poems. The venerable and irascible poet endured it as long as he could, then he stopped the poor woman with an imperious gesture, and immediately proceeded to deliver the poem himself in his own orotund way.

Long-pending lawsuits between the beneficiaries of the Lick fund having been finally decided, it is probable that the trustees in charge of Mr. Lick's estate will now proceed with the construction of the great telescope and other instruments for the observatory. Whether the telescope shall be a refractor or a reflector is a question not yet decided, although the trustees have favored a refractor.

Traffic in adulterated milk, although somewhat checked, still continues in New York, Brooklyn, and all large cities to an extent really alarming, when its results are candidly considered. The Board of Health estimates that our citizens are defrauded every day of about $10,000 from the sale of skimmed and watered milk. And the loss of this large sum is by no means the most serious feature of the fraud. There are in this city not far from 130,000 children under five years of age, who are largely dependent upon milk as food, and if this milk is not of proper quality, they fail to get suitable nourishment, and in numerous cases fall needless victims to the diseases of childhood. Unwholesome milk is now regarded as a most powerful inciter of zymotic diseases. The Board of Health asks for three additional inspectors of milk—a request which the city of New York should unhesitatingly grant.



JOHN K. HACKETT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

WILLIAM McKEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. J. FOX.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

HON. JOHN K. HACKETT.

JOHN KETELTAS HACKETT, who died in this city on the 26th ult., at the age of fifty-seven, was for many years one of the conspicuous characters of New York. As Recorder of the city he had been since the year 1866 constantly before the public as the head of our chief criminal court. In that position, notwithstanding his elevation to it as the candidate of the Democratic party, and his identification with that organization, he uniformly exhibited entire independence in the discharge of his onerous and generally disagreeable duties; and this independence begat a respect for him which led to his re-election in 1875 by an overwhelming majority, notwithstanding the determined opposition of the Tammany Democrats, who made his defeat the special feature of that campaign. During his official career he pronounced judgment in several thousand criminal cases, few of which were carried up on appeal, and few reversed.

But Judge HACKETT was not notable merely for his judicial work. In private life, among his intimates, he was quite charming. He inherited much of the mimetic talent of his father and mother, and as a *raconteur*, or in giving imitations of dramatic or other celebrities, or when entertaining his family or friends with songs to his own accompaniment, he was delightful. He was also a devoted follower of IZAAK WALTON, and as a marksman had a reputation that was known to long and short range men from Maine to California. The writer of this has witnessed feats of his with pistol and gun that almost challenged credibility.

Judge HACKETT was born in Jamaica, Long Island, and came of exceptionally good stock. His grandfather, the Rev. ABRAHAM KETELTAS, had served in the life-guard of the Prince of Orange, and came to this country soon after the Revolutionary war. His mother was Miss KATHERINE LEE SUGG, a lady of good English family, remarkable for her beauty, and famous in her day as an actress. His father, JAMES H. HACKETT, is known to the present generation not only as one of the most distinguished actors the American stage has produced, but in the more cultivated portion of New York society, and wherever he went, was held in the highest esteem. He was on terms of intimacy with those who were prominent in the public affairs of the country, and in its social, literary, and artistic circles. Judge HACKETT was at his best at home or among his companions. His tastes were simple and manly, his impulses warm and generous, and he was most beloved by those who knew him best.

THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.—[SEE PAGE 45.]

THE QUACK'S MAIN(E) DOSE—THAT WILL CURE OR KILL.

DR. ALONZO GARCELON. "I am not only satisfied with my method, but I am actually proud of it." [*N.B.—It was an overdose.*

MOSCOW'S GREAT CITADEL.

THE Kremlin, or citadel of Moscow, of which an illustration is given on page 44, is situated on the north side of the Moskva River, and forms the centre of the town. Around it, with a radius of about a mile, is a line of boulevards, extending, however, only on the north side of the river. Outside of this line, and concentric with it, is another line of boulevards, with a radius of a mile and a half; while beyond all, and forming the girdle of the city, is the outer rampart, with a circumference of twenty-six English miles. The Kremlin comprises the principal buildings of Moscow. A high wall surrounds it, strongly built of brick, and faced at the foundation with stone.

There are five gates to the citadel, four having steeples and numerous watch-towers. The most important of these is called the *Spiasski Vorata*, or "Redeemer's Gate." Over it has hung, from the foundation of the city, a picture of the Saviour, which is an object of the greatest reverence to every Russian. In passing through this gate it is the custom for every male, from the Czar to the peasant, to take off his hat and remain uncovered. If a stranger neglects this ceremony, a sentinel immediately calls his attention to the omission. Through this gate all Russia's returning heroes have passed in triumph; up to this gate has the victorious Tartar horde time after time advanced, without ever being able to find an entrance. The French tried to remove the picture, thinking the frame of solid gold, but it is said that every ladder they placed against the wall fell broken in two! They then attempted to batter the wall and picture with a cannon, but the powder would not ignite! They built fires under the gun, but when it did explode, it was backward, bursting into a thousand pieces, wounding the artillery-men, but leaving the picture unharmed! Near the St. Nicholas Gate NAPOLEON'S powder train exploded, and although many of the surrounding buildings were completely destroyed, and the tower was split up to the picture, neither the glass that covered it nor the lamp that hung before it was injured in the least.

Of the turrets with which the walls of the Kremlin are ornamented almost all are pyramidal in form, having a square base, and yet exhibiting different styles of architecture. The most interesting is that immediately to the south of Our Saviour's Gate, on which was anciently suspended the alarm-bell, and from which the ancient sovereigns of Muscovy used to witness or superintend the infliction of punishments and the celebration of festivals. There are no regular streets in the Kremlin, but three open spaces called *plostchads*, or squares, of a very irregular shape, and abundance of room otherwise for the numerous carriages and foot-passengers with which in summer it is always crowded. The houses have in general stone foundations. In all cases the superstructure consists of brick, stuccoed, and painted generally in the most gaudy colors. None of the houses belong to private individuals, the whole being the property of the crown.

Besides the government offices, the Kremlin contains the Palace, the Senate-house, the Arsenal, the Imperial Museum, a number of cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, among which is the most splendid church in all Moscow and the most sacred edifice in the empire—the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. This gorgeously decorated structure was built in 1479 on the site of the original edifice, and exhibits a specimen of the Greco-Italian architecture of the fifteenth century. It is loaded with ornaments to a most curious and extravagant degree. On the walls are painted 249 full images, and 2066 half-lengths and heads, many of them of more than life size. The quantity of gold-leaf employed in embellishing this cathedral is said to have amounted to 210,000 leaves. Images gaudily adorned, splendidly gilt and ornamented holy books, massive gold crosses of beautiful workmanship, rich episcopal vestments—in short, every article that can impress the observer with a striking idea of the magnificence and show of the Greek service—

are here to be seen in the greatest profusion. The lustres are particularly magnificent and costly. In the middle of the church is suspended a massive crown of silver, accompanied with forty-eight chandeliers, all of a single piece, and weighing nearly 3000 pounds. There are also numerous candlesticks "almost as high as a man," some of silver, others of copper silvered, holding candles "as thick as a man's leg." The Cathedral of St. Michael ranks next to that of the Assumption in splendor and dignity. It is venerated by the Russians as the edifice containing the tombs of all the Czars down to the time of PETER the Great, who changed the royal burying-place to St. Petersburg.

The Palace of the Czars, next to these two cathedrals, is the object most worthy of notice within the Kremlin. The structure is probably the most notable instance of constant change and renovation among all the larger edifices of Moscow. Sixty years ago it consisted of three parts—the ancient palace of the Czars, the audience-chamber, and the new palace. The ancient palace was built by an Italian architect at the beginning of the sixteenth century, but its style is so singular that it has been called Grecian, Gothic, Tartar, and Hindoo. In the Belvedere are two small arched rooms, which were the Czar's peculiar apartments. They communicated by a narrow staircase with an observatory, "a kind of royal police box," where at a certain fixed hour the Czar daily took his station, while crowds of supplicants assembled in the court below, and deposited their petitions upon a large stone adjoining the small church called *Spas na Baru*. These petitions were brought to the sovereign, who examined them, and dictated the answers, which were in a like manner laid on the same stone until the petitioners came to receive them. PETER the Great was born in the old palace.

The new palace was originally built in 1748 by the Empress ELIZABETH, but it has been repeatedly altered and enlarged. The Empress CATHERINE formed the project of erecting the most magnificent palace in the Kremlin. The plan was actually executed, and a superb model of it still exists in the Imperial Museum. The plan was to unite the whole Kremlin, having a circumference of two miles, into one magnificent palace. Its triangular plan, and the number of churches it contains, offered some difficulties; but the model was rendered complete. Its fronts are ornamented with ranges of beautiful pillars according to different orders of architecture. Every part of it was finished in the most beautiful manner, even to the fresco painting on the ceiling of the rooms, and the coloring of the various marble columns intended to decorate the interior. It incloses a theatre and magnificent apartments. Had the work been completed, it would have surpassed the Temple of SOLOMON, the Propylæum of AMASIS, the Villa of ADRIAN, or the Forum of TRAJAN.

None of the apartments of the existing palace are very large, but their fittings are magnificent and expensive to the last degree. The floors are inlaid with various figures in oak and other wood. The audience-chamber, originally built at the close of the fifteenth century, was burned in 1812, when, in order to drive out the French invader, the inhabitants set fire to their "Holy City." It was, however, afterward completely repaired and fitted up after its former style. Its architecture is very simple. The *Granovitaya Palata*, or square hall, from which the whole edifice takes its name, is a room about sixty-five feet square. In its centre rises an enormous square and highly gilt pillar, which loses itself by expansion into the arches, and with them supports the ceiling. The vaults are four in number, and each one is crossed by a twisted cord of stucco, gilded. Over each window are the arms of three of the governments of Russia. Numerous lustres are suspended from the ceiling. The base of the central pillar is surrounded with shelves, on which on great occasions are arranged gold and silver utensils belonging to the court. In this room the Czar sits enthroned after the ceremony of coronation in the cathedral, wearing for the first time all the imperial insignia. Here he dines in the midst of his nobles. None but crowned heads, however, can sit at table with him. From the window opposite the throne the members of the imperial family in former days were in the habit of viewing the banquet, the laws of etiquette excluding them from participation.

The belfry of Ivan Veliki, or Great John, stands nearly at an equal distance from the cathedrals of the Assumption and St. Michael. It is visible from every part of the city, and to a great distance on the approach to it from the east, south, and west, and was used by the French as an observatory and a signal-post. They attempted to blow it up before their departure in 1812, and the tower was rent from top to bottom, but now it is completely repaired. In height it measures about 325 feet, including the cross. The tower was erected in the year 1600 by the Czar BORIS GODUNOV, and consists of five stories, four octangular and one cylindrical. In the basement is a chapel dedicated to St. JOHN of the Ladder, of which this tower is, in fact, the campanile. It contains over forty magnificent bells of various sizes. The Veché bell of the Great Novgorod was suspended here after its removal to Moscow, but all trace of it is now lost. Near the base of the tower, on a pedestal of granite, stands the monarch of all bells, the wonder of the world, the Great Bell of Moscow. It was cast in 1730, during the reign of the Empress ANNE. The tower in which it hung having been burned seven years later, it fell, and remained buried in the earth for one hundred years, when it was placed upon the present pedestal by order of the Emperor NICHOLAS. It is almost impossible to give an idea of its immense size, and it must be seen to be appreciated. Its height is over twenty-one feet, and its circumference sixty-seven feet; its weight is four hundred thousand pounds, and at the present price of the material it must be worth $200,000. Its weight is eleven times greater than that of the largest bell in France, that at the Cathedral of Rouen. One of the bells in the tower weighs sixty-four tons, but looks like an ordinary steamboat bell when compared to the *Tzar Kolokol*—"King of Bells." There are also two small silver bells of exquisite tone on the highest tier within the tower. All the bells are rung on Easter-eve, and produce a beautiful effect. On festivals the peasants visit the Great Bell as they would resort to a sanctuary, regarding it as an act of devotion. They even cross themselves all the way as they ascend and descend the steps.

Among the wonders of the Kremlin the Great Gun must not be omitted. It stands in one corner of the arsenal, situated between Nicholas and Trinity gates. Along the walls outside of the building the cannon taken at different times from the European powers are arranged. Those taken from the French predominate, there being here nearly all the cannon captured by the Russians after NAPOLEON'S army evacuated the burning city. The Great Gun was cast during the reign of THEODORE, and bears his effigy. From its immense size it is frequently called the Czar Cannon, its weight being nearly forty tons.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE TAY.

A TEMPESTUOUS night on a long bridge over deep waters; a railroad train, with its precious human freight, rushing on in the face of the gale; a sudden burst of light in mid-air; a shower of fire; a plunge into the depths of the Tay; and no one of all on board left to tell how it happened—such, in short, was the sad story that shocked the Old World and the New. How many lives were lost may never be known. One, two, and three hundred were reported at different times, and even less than a hundred, but the higher numbers are more likely to be true. The only mitigation of the horror of the tragedy lies in the probability that death was almost instantaneous, but few surviving the shock of the fall, and those who did being speedily drowned.

It was shortly after seven in the evening of December 28 when the signal was given from the Fifeshire shore that the train had entered the bridge. Such a gale was blowing as had not been known in Scotland for eleven years. It soon became a perfect hurricane, and in Dundee the streets were covered with the débris of chimney-pots and roof slates. People began to question whether the train from Edinburgh could cross the bridge on such an awful night, and some went down to see. At the north end they found others who had come on the same errand, and who were eagerly watching for the train that was never to come. Some were sure they had seen the lights of the train as the cars entered the bridge and crossed into the high girders. The next minute they saw a shower of fire descend with the lights of the train into the river; then all was total darkness. The horror-stricken watchers asked each other if this could really be the train from Edinburgh that had gone into the Tay. The bridge-keeper did not know. He could only tell them that the train had been signaled from the south end, and that five minutes later the wires had snapped asunder. The news spread like wild-fire, and soon a multitude from Dundee had assembled at the north end of the bridge. The terrible truth was soon discovered, for two brave men in the company's employ crawled out along the iron spans three-quarters of a mile or more, clinging to the rails as they went, to save themselves from being blown into the boiling waves below. At length, after infinite toil, their hands lacerated and bleeding, they reached the brink of the awful abyss. The magnitude of the calamity was then revealed to their horror-stricken eyes. One of them, although stunned and dazed for the moment, determined to push his investigations still further. He crawled out to the point where the high girders begin, and found that the whole thirteen girders, weighing 250 tons each, had disappeared. One-third of the whole structure had vanished, leaving as melancholy monuments thirteen stumps of brick-work in the Firth.

The great bridge across the Firth of Tay was the longest structure of the kind in the world over a running stream, measuring over two miles from end to end. It was begun in 1871, and finished about a year ago. "The bridge," said a description published at the time of the formal opening, May 31, 1878, "starts from the Fife side of the Tay, where the land is about seventy feet above high water, and gradually rises at a gradient of 1 in 356, until the highest part of the bridge is reached, being 130 feet from the level of the rails to high-water mark. The altitude occurs at the centre of the large spans, and from this point toward the north side there is a sharply falling gradient of 1 in 74. In the structure there are eighty-five spans—eleven of 245 feet, two of 227 feet, one of 166 feet, one of 162 feet 10 inches, thirteen of 145 feet, ten of 120 feet 3 inches, eleven of 129 feet, two of 87 feet, twenty-four of 67 feet 6 inches, three of 67 feet, one of 66 feet 8 inches, and six of 28 feet 11 inches. All the spans, with the exception of that of 166 feet, which is made by a bowstring girder, are formed of lattice girders; but in addition to these spans there are, adjoining the north end of the bridge, one span of 100 feet, bowstring girders, and one span of 29 feet, plate girders. The thirteen largest girders, each being about two hundred tons in weight, are in the centre of the bridge, and over the navigable part of the river. The girders are arranged in continuous groups, with proper provision for expansion, and are all supported on piers of varied construction. The foundations of the piers are formed of iron cylinders, with brick-work and cement. Fourteen piers at the south side are built entirely of brick, and on rock foundation, and consist of two cylinders of nine feet six inches in diameter, connected by a wall of brick-work three feet in width. At the fourteenth pier it was found that the rock suddenly shelved away to a great depth, under beds of clay, gravel, and sand, and therefore another kind of pier had to be resorted to which would give an equally sure footing. The weight of the pier was lightened by substituting for the heavy brick-work above high water cast-iron columns, fixed together by horizontal and diagonal transverse bracing, and the cylinders were increased to fifteen feet in diameter. The whole of the piers, after the fourteenth, are built in this manner; but in the case of the highest piers, supporting the 245 feet spans, they have a cylindrical base of iron and brick in cement, thirty-one feet in diameter, and from forty to forty-five feet in depth, standing a few feet above high water. The whole of the cylinders supporting iron columns are finished with a coping of Carmyllie stone. The permanent way consists of double-headed steel rails, fished at the joints in twenty-four feet lengths, weighing seventy-five pounds to the yard, and secured by oak keys in cast-iron chairs. The chairs are fixed at intervals of about three feet to longitudinal timbers seventeen inches wide, and varying in depth from seven to fourteen inches. Throughout the whole length of the bridge each rail is provided with a guard rail, to afford additional security to trains passing over the structure. The floor of the bridge consists of three-inch planking, and is covered with a waterproof composition. On both sides of the bridge, for its whole length, a strong hand-rail is erected." The cost of the bridge was $1,750,000, the changes necessitated at the fourteenth pier increasing the figure to this from the contract price of $1,085,000.

The cause of the disaster has not yet been ascertained. Colonel PAINE, the engineer in charge of the work on the East River Bridge, said to a reporter of the *Evening Post* that "the Tay Bridge was strong enough to carry all the loads which might have been placed upon it, but the event had proved that it was not strong enough to resist the wind and wave pressures to which it was exposed." Referring to the East River Bridge, the colonel said that the strength of that structure is five times as great as the force of a side wind against it. Supposing there was a wind of sufficient force to cause the bridge to sway a little, the moment it began to move there would be a greater strain upon the storm cables, which converge toward the centre. The further the bridge was forced out of line, the more strain would come upon these cables, which would withstand a very great increase of pressure.

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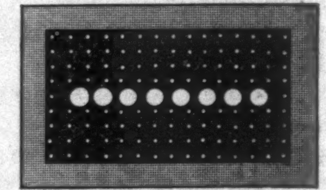

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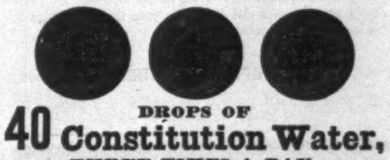

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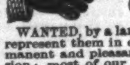

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